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NORTHERN RHYMES:

INCLUDING

DELAVAL AND THE MONK;

WITH NUMEROUS OTHER

Pieces, General and Local.

BY THE WRITER OF 'THE LAMBTON WORM.'

'OLD TYNE MAY LISTEN TO MY TALE,
'AND ECHO, DOWN THE BORDERING VALE,
'THE LIQUID MELODY PROLONG.'

Akenside.

VOL. I.

LONDON: JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, 38, SOHO SQUARE.
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1872.

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TO

CHARLES M. PALMER, ESQ., J.P.,

&c., &c.,

OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, AND GRINKLE PARK, YORKSHIRE,

MY VALUED AND CHIEF FRIEND IN MATTERS OF BUSINESS THESE

NINETEEN YEARS PAST;

TO WHOM,

AS AN EXTENSIVE EMPLOYER OF LABOUR, MINING AND MANUFACTURING,

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND STANDS JUSTLY INDEBTED:—

THESE POEMS,

BY A NATIVE OF TYNESIDE,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Come, playful Muse, so gay bedight,
And kindly help thy puny scribe,
Thou art not foe to joke or jibe—
To pleasant quirk or musings light!
And with thee bring the Smiles and Joys,
Whatever moody Care destroys;—
The Loves, the Graces all a-rów,
And every Sylph to Care a foe;—
The sprightly Nymphs to banish pain,
And Pan with all his sylvan train.
Ah! let me shun the fate of those
Whose lyre begat them daily ill,
Ere yet their sun of glory rose,
Ere Fame her trump with their renown could fill.
And save me thou, Euphrosyne,
From leaf-like Sensibility,
That demoiselle of parchment check
And sister of Satiety.
But come, Imagination, come!
From thy varying heaven descend,
Quit yonder skies and me befriend,
Thine aid beyond a countless sum.
Exalted high on clouds of state,
Thou sitt'st in conscious strength elate,
The universe thy landscape wide;
Or, when thou deignst, wilt visit high
Earth, ocean, air, far off or nigh,

And space on every side :—
Wilt give each system bound,
Or far extend its round
Beyond the limits of dull sense to know ;
Then from thy throne
Again wilt come
And pry and pore about on things below.

Oft in my boyish days I've read
How Worth, to Misery near allied,
How Merit in some jail hath died,
Or slowly pined on squalid bed ;
How Impudence, well clothed and fed,
And Folly hand and hand with Greatness go,
Whilst Talent in some lowly shed
Remains a prey to want and woe,
To cold neglect
And disrespect,
To insults rude and censure's cruel blow.—
How many, born to lasting name,
A life prolong in want and shame,
Then die
Before emblazon'd high
Their deeds are flaunted on the scroll of Fame.

These knew to mould the soul to love,
The kindlier passions all to move
In melting song or prose ;
Unlike in genius, so unlike
My fortunes be to those !
By far the tail of all their train,
I covet not a sounding name
At price of life or health ;
Me, long inured to wind and wave,
No sop thrown forth to Fame can save,
I little boast and little have
Of wit like theirs—that wit their only wealth.

But come, thou Nymph so gay bedight,
Who art not foe to joke or jibe,
Playful Muse of notions light,
And kindly help thy puny scribe!
So shall my labour not be all in vain,
Though from Olympian subject far remote my strain.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:

GENERAL AND LOCAL.

Delaval and the Monk.

The tempest howls, the seamews scream
  Above the foaming tide,
And meteors in the welkin gleam
  Fast shooting far and wide,

Where Tynemouth's heights o'erlook the sea,
  And, firmly based on stone,
Her abbey wall incessantly
  Loud echoes ocean's moan.

Heaven aid the mariner whose bark,
  In tempest such as this,
High toss'd on ocean's fickle wave
  May chance the port to miss!

Now pious monks, in secret cells,
  From midnight service wake,
And place a light on Tynemouth's height
  For our dear Lady's sake.

And, holy crosses by your side,
  Go forth, a goodly band;
The fleeting soul requires your aid,
  The sick your helping hand.

Oft to the foundering mariner
They light the beacon fire,
And pace the height the long dark night
To act as needs require.

And many an eye beneath their care
Is raised to life again ;
The soul befit with rite and prayer,
And soon assuaged each pain.

When bodies lifeless on the strand
Are cast by ocean's wave,
The pious monk with gentle hand
Consigns them to the grave.

For close the sacred house beside
A charnel ground appears,
Where warriors, saints, lie side by side—
The great of former years.

Saint Oswin, once Northumbria's liege,
The terror of his foes,
With Malcolm, Scotia's monarch good,
Here sleep in calm repose.

Here lie secure the captive frail,
The Norseman pirate chief ;
Nor ransom now can aught avail,—
Gold yields them no relief.

And here those monks' remains are laid,
Slain by the Danes, their foes,
Immured within the sacred pile
In which they sought repose.

But seldom wicked acts escape,
Their date a span at most,
And soon the bloody Danes' pursued
By King Ethelred's host,

And Offa's, too, of Mercia king.
From sword and spear they flee,
And as their bodies strew the plain,
A few escape to sea;

When lo! a thunder storm ensues,
Their ships are shatter'd sore—
(In vain they flee whom God pursues)—
Their corpses strew the shore.

* * * *

The Tynemouth friars oft hied forth,
Along the sandy plain,
Where Delaval's broad acres north
Arrest the German main.

And oft the begging monk partook
The cheer of his high hall,
And portions to the abbey brought
To feast the brethren all.

Brave Delaval! what lord of old
Could measure lands with thee?
Miles north away and west they lay,
Their eastern bound the sea.

The minstrel oft in ages past,
Bedeck'd in costly stole,
Sang loud each act as round, full fast,
Went circling horn and bowl.

Of chivalry he chaunted high,
And ever and anon
The battle field, the sword and shield,
Composed his thrilling song.

Then soft he sang each tender pain
Of love, in melting mood,
His lyre attuning to the strain,
And thus the lady woo'd:

SONG OF THE MINSTREL.

Come, lady-love! haste, haste thee on;
Now morn-beam gilds yon ocean steep;
The lambkins sport the fields among,
And blythely from his couch doth leap
The shepherd swain, and, as he goes,
His native descant cheerly blows.

See, see, where waits the lingering sail,
O lady! all unfurl'd for thee;
And mark, heaven sent, this favouring gale,
Its playful bosom you full see,
That heaving breathes a deep-drawn sigh
In concert rude and symphony.

Thy sire, he sleeps on downy bed,
Sound sleep thy maidens' eyes doth close;
White, swathed in glory, Phoebus red
O'er Seaton's new-dight landscape glows,
And, beaming bright, enraptured moves
The melting heart to blissful loves.

Sweet odour breathes the opening flower,
Sweet incense fumes the laden trees;
Whilst Flora, wanton! from her bower
Love-favouring skims the balmy breeze,
And with young Zephyr coyless roves
O'er heath-clad wilds and waving groves.

Then quickly throw thy kirtle on,
Thy knight awaits, nor longer sleep;
The lambkins play the fields among,
And from their sod the larks yleap,
And skyward as the warblers go
Their wonted matins cheerly blow.

They all applaud the minstrel's skill,
Both knight and lady true;
Fill high the bowl, the beakers fill,
The festive mirth renew.

But, where is Delaval's youthful lord?
I mark not his proud eye;
He is not at the festive board,
To share our mirth so high.

The sport was good, the chase was done,
And much he prized the same;
Perhaps he strays the fields alone
To practise some new game.

Perhaps, oppress'd with labour long,
He seeks the cooling flood,
And laves therein each languid limb
In happy boyish mood.

Vain all surmise! the sun may rise
Full often o'er the main,
And seasons pace their onward race,
Ere he returns again.

Before the chase was order'd all,
The youth that fatal morn
Did orders give to spit a pig
And roast on his return.

When, lo! a begging friar came,
And, maugre all could say,
Cut off its head and bagg'd the same,
Then wended fast his way!

Return'd, the baron straight enquired
Who this foul deed had done;
At once inform'd, his anger fired,
And after him he's gone.

Now speed thee, friar, on thy path,
Or woe betide the day!
A foeman quick pursues in wrath,
Thy forfeit life shall pay.

A hunting gad he wields in air,
A sapling oak and strong;
Gramercy! kiss the crucifix,
Thy days will not be long.

O'ertaken soon, the baron thus :—
'Vile friar quit thy prey,
'Or here thy life shall end the strife,
'And death this daring pay.'

He calm replied, 'This head I take,
'As portion of our tithe;
'The abbey stock with land and crop
'From Tynemouth reach to Blythe.

'This head I take by legal right—
'The church must have her due;'
The baron raised his arm in might,
And down the friar threw!

Then sprawling on the beach they lie,
Each victor in his turn;
Now on their feet again they meet,
And both with fury burn.

One ear from off the friar's head
Has vanished in the fray,
While from his nose the life-blood flows,
A crimson fount that day.

The bag in which the head is stow'd
Now serves a staff instead,
And telling are the friar's blows
That issue from the head.

For, holding by its mouth the bag,
He swings the same around,
And often as it smote the youth,
He reel'd and fell to ground.

But now his hunting gad is grasp'd
In fury's very spite,
And Delaval he lays about,
With all his main and might;

Until the ruddy pools float round
Upon the yielding sand :—
'Hold Delaval! for our Lady's sake,
'O hold thy victor hand!

'And sign the holy cross upon
'My fastly chilling breast,
'And get thee to the abbey gone
'With this my dying quest.

'Our prior hither fast bid come
'To yield his ghostly aid;
'The deed is just; I own the doom
'My sin and theft have made.

'But thou for this wilt dearly rue,
'So hie thee o'er the main;
'The church asserts thy death her due,
'And half thy lands will claim.'

He spoke—the words wax'd faint and slow;
In haste the baron sped
And told the prior of his woe,
And where he lay nigh dead.

Then, making straight towards the port,
On shipboard see him stand;
The vessel's sails the zephyrs court
And quick she leaves the land.

'Farewell!' he cried, 'my Seaton towers,
'My fields and valleys fair;
'A sleeping babe within your bowers,
'I first inhaled the air.

'Farewell my fathers' princely hall—
'A happier day may glow;
'I feel—I feel the teardrop fall:
'It cannot speak my woe.

'This night my guests their host expect,
'And marvel at his stay,
'But far at sea their host will be
'Before the close of day.

'Adieu the chase, if heaven so will!
'My native sea-beat shore,
'I strain mine eyes to view thee still—
'I may not view thee more.

'And, lady dear! accept this tear,
'Till happier fortunes shine;
'Though far I flee from home and thee
'My heart—my heart is thine!'

Then sobbing loud he wiped his cheek,
When zephyrs fairer blew;
The vessel cut the briney deep,
And o'er the foam they flew.

To a Havannah Cigar.

How shall I make attempt, sublime cigar,
To sound thy praises through the land;
Beginning at the town, then wide and far!
Giving the nations all to understand
That hitherto unsung, thou now art smoked
Into the world at large to wend thy way—
Emollient opiate! be thou invoked,
My hippocrene, muse, goddess, all, to-day.

Thine is a lamp most beautifully bright,
Pregnant with glory and with incense-fume,
Shining afar like any beacon ligth—
A ray of splendour in a night of gloom;

A safeguard serving to protect thy master
From damp or cold, or any such disaster;
A guidestar signifying 'Who comes there,'
And intimating, 'Passengers, beware!'

Thou art a halo of the brightest hue,
A meteor of refulgent light;
Not of some sickly aspect, palely blue,
Or faint pea-green or yellow, puce or white,
But like the planet Mars, and deeper far,
A blood red star!
Or, rather, 'Comet with a fiery tail,'
A meteor glowing through the rising gale.

By night when winds disturb the city air,
How comfortable to enjoy thy aid,
Balm of quiescence! taking special care
To go before the wind, not retrograde,
As facing it would inconvenience bring;
A man may have too much of one good thing,
And incense' best perfumes might operate
To one's discomfiture, and suffocate.

How often down the Strand, through Temple Bar,
And Fleet Street, in the mouths of gentlemen
Thou shinest, magnate of attraction, far
Beyond the graphic power of any pen;
Without thee, life were nothing, joy a name,
Mankind a bore and womankind the same.
Myself, a beau magnificent and grand,
Have borne thy blushing honours down the Strand.

Few wanting the Havannah are esteem'd
What most men would be taken for;
Indeed, among the 'Fancy' it were deem'd
Uncivilized, un-a-la-mode, and more;
Fashion degenerates into the brute
Without the prime Havannah or cheroot.

Great shame it is, and pity, to behold
Thy lamp sometimes in lips of plebeian low;
How dare they with their betters make so bold,
And ape so far the *ton* to overthrow?
By aping thus the mobocratic crew
Strip the politer world of honours due;
Clerks, shopmen, auctioneers, will soon become
Of less importance than the merest scum—
Grocers and drapers on the selfsame plane
With each street Arab, arrogant and vain.

O for Lycurgus' whip, the Spartan old,
Who flogg'd the boys to make them brave and bold
Till whiles they died!—how would I castigate
Each caitiff wretch, each rude mechanic knave,
Thus daring to put off the slave,
And to put on the habits of the great;
Presumptuous innovators! know ye not
This is exclusively your betters' lot?
Go, draw the sooty tube, or chew pigtail,
In which employ you seldom used to fail.

And now, cigar! sublime, somnific balm,
Come steep my faculties in Lethean calm,
And let me nod awhile, thy praise complete;
For who could such felicity enjoy
Without imposing on himself the employ
Of lauding thee in numbers smooth and sweet?
I'm rather weary,—come, my senses chain,
And send thy healing vapours through my brain.

To Sleep.

God of the downy wing, propitious power,
Come, Somnus! seal in sleep the balmy hour;
Display thy poppies o'er my waiting head,
And close in Lethean trance these eyes of lead;

Far from life's throng the wandering thought arrest,
And fix thy swandown throne upon my breast;
Reign there, the undisputed lord of all,
Life's vital functions holding safe in thrall;
Let nature feel thy renovating skill,
And cast in marble mould the errant will.

Yet when the morn on eastern clouds ascends,
And to the earth her welcome radiance lends,
From calm repose mine eyelids gently raise,
With grateful pæans to thy well-earn'd praise.

To Spring.

Why laggest thou, O Spring!
Once more to visit us below?
We wait thy genial welcoming—
Each bird, each bee already on the wing,
Fieldward afar to go.

Why, loiterer, thus stay?
The flowers are in the waiting land,
And anxious long to be away
Into the warm sun's vivifying ray,
To deck the landscape grand.

The tremulous moth, unseen,
Marvels at thy unwont delay;
Again, whither hast thou been?
Small trace of thee on slope or woodland green,
And we are near May-day.

No hum in air is heard,
No cowslip greets the longing eye,
The garden all ungemm'd, unstarr'd,
And farmer Grubbins in his vacant yard
Is heaving sigh for sigh.

Come! strew the meads around,
With bell and cup of Iris' dye;
Fill wood and dell with music's sound,
Till earth is echoed by the skylark bound
Up—upwards to the sky.

O, ever lovely Spring!
In emeraldine robes appear;
Give us again thy welcoming—
The butterfly, each insect on the wing,
And cuckoo's voice so clear.

Epigram.—Burke and Garrick.

Quoth the learn'd Edmund Burke unto Garrick one day,
"All things that are *bitter* are *hot* too, I wean;"
"May be so," said the wit, "yet I've heard people say,
"O dear! what a *bitter cold* day this has been."

On the High Level Bridge at Newcastle.

To be read by all who excel in the vernacular Burr.

Bridge of strange structure, stretching cross Tyne's stream,
Where roaring rolls the rapid wintry surge,
When frightful rains their furious wrath disgorge,
Rocks rend, and forests crash, and screech-owls scream,
And rugged fragments rush, and every forge
And factory near in concert crowns the scene
Of hoarsest harshness!—Grand thou stridest forth,
The pride, praise, wonder of our rural north,
A work no mortal, uninstructed, eyes;
Northumbria roaming o'er her manors fair,
Arrested by her river ponders there,
In ardent admiration and surprise.

Right rude rough winds may roar, rash rains rush forth,
The ruthless storm nor mars thy base nor berth;
Our river brags her architecture rare—
Where is our bridge's *marrow*, reader, where?

To Miss Rowe.

Madame, I know your qualities are rare—
  Perhaps a little fickle in your way;
Of coquetry most women have their share,
  And you yourself are skittish—so they say:
But let me tell you, lady, for my part,
I hate a polish'd head without a heart.

A rank coquette is heartless—mind you, *rank;*
  One does not like to style you a coquette,
Or leave the name alluded to in blank,
  Lest haply, madam, you might pout and pet;
Besides, politeness must forbear to do it,
With twenty other mighty reasons to it.

True love and virtuous is a constant feast,
  And there be some I know for whom a throne,
An empire, a continent, (if mine at least
  To give) would seem too little. These I've known,
And such do now address. The present hour
Alone is mine—the next beyond my power.

The great prerogative is thine, O Love,
  To raise the slave and civilise the savage;
And thine all ardent supplicants to prove,
  Or see how much of 'Ovid's Art' they cabbage;
But then, you know, Miss Rowe, 'tis out of season
At any time to let love conquer reason.

That every woman is at heart a rake,
Was thought and said and written, years gone by;
Whene'er they find they have a heart at stake,
They trifle, tantalize, look pleased and shy,
Look *yes*, then *no*, then *yes* again, nor care
A farthing for the anguish one may bear.

What pity such unfeeling creatures can—
Though fair as Venus, chaste as turtle doves—
Thus flirt and temper with a poor young man!
'Tis *wicked*, as sometimes the sequel proves.
You would not smile, I think, Miss Rowe, to hear
For you I'd made a tomb of Tyne or Wear.

'True, Sir,' you answer, 'but you must allow
'A lady's favour no man can command it;
'Love is spontaneous, sacred, freeborn, true,
'And there be reasons, did you understand it.'
True, Ma'am, there be—don't proceed to name 'em,
And then the Muse can neither praise nor blame 'em.

Love's not the business of after-life,
Love cannot well with after-age agree;
The halcyon equinox of man and wife
I take from fifteen years to thirty-three;
I'd have them marry sooner, but the law,
'Twould seem, gives license to each loose *faux pas*.

Young Cupids and the Loves await your call—
How can you let the Loves and Cupids wait?
Pleasure as pure as Eve's before the Fall
And happiness are yours—be not too late.
Consider well and weigh what I advise,
I'm sure there's none more qualified or wise.

To One whom I Loved and Hated.

Ah me! what pangs that faithful bosom rend,
When forced to censure high a former friend;
No common friend, but one whose beauties fire
At every look love's craving keen desire;
Whose form and face create the keenest wounds,
Whose meagre sense all outward charm confounds,
All symmetry, all sweetness as thou art,
All weakness, meanness, void of head and heart.

Time was—and lately, too—no other theme,
Save love was mine, and thou my nightly dream:
Attest, thou moon, whose beams at midnight dread
Observed the tumult of my restless head;
No sooner then could sleep mine eyelids close,
But straight thine image to my senses rose;
That form of grace, by day my constant theme,
My rest obstructed in each lengthening dream;
In vain was reason, resolution tried,
My love resolve, pride, reason, all defied!
In vain philosophy vouchsafed her ray,—
Obscure her teachings, vague and dark her lay;
I loved, I idolized, nor care who know.
How much repent it, let the sequel show;
My bounden duty prompts this scrawl to thee,
How thou hast done thy duty, read and see.

But wherefore read, the simple truth to win?
Ask, rather ask the monitor within.
What if thy sordid sire, to Mammon sold,
Would give his offspring to a calf of gold,
And thou, his daughter, acquiesce therein?
Lies not on both, thy sire and self, the sin?
On little souls the power of wealth is great,
As by such dross they trust to mend their state;

Unmindful of the proverb, galling sore,
'These light a torch to show their shame the more.'
Gold, I allow, no candid man can less,
A good auxiliary unto happiness;
We differ here, your father's narrow sense
Conceives true love of wealth the consequence;
No merit can he find in aught beside –
All perfect good that rolls down fortune's tide.
The idle gold, for ever first in sight,
His waking thought, his balmy dream by night—
Sense, prudence, virtue, on its shrine he'll toss,
And offer thee a sacrifice to dross!

And wilt thou, then, forego each soft desire,
The heartless victim of thy vulgar sire?
Forego the bliss from love's perennial spring
For gaud's blind chance, and purblind fortune bring?
Resolve to grace a fool's, a miser's arms,
Or yield decrepit age thy virgin charms?
One seized of lands, perhaps, and reft of wits,
A prey to gout or epileptic fits?
O tool of ignorance! of dross the slave!
What, not one effort make thyself to save?
No great attempt the woman to assert,
And claim as personal thy hand and heart?
Then go, poor minion! meekly, tamely, mild,
Be what thou art—be something less than child;
Go, lavish in some dotard's cold embrace,
Love, beauty, symmetry of form and face;
Sigh to each sigh a corresponding flame,
Beloved and loving, heart and heart the same,
His soul's dear treasure, idol, goddess, queen,
Nor heed the world's loud laugh behind the scene:
Go, pander to his taste, thy spouse to please,
Go, prostitute thy peace, and be at ease!

Thou sayest a daughter's duty sways thy will,
And tamely mean, wilt others' views fulfil—
The views of those whom love nor sense e'er graced,
Inclined at once to meet their sordid taste;
Then let it be so! duty love precedes,
Though feeling prostrate lies, and passion bleeds:
Treat him with contumely whose heart was thine,
Whom late thou lov'dst with ardour more than mine;
For love contempt, for kindness scorn repay,
Be deaf nor hear what honour's voice may say;
Duty!—thy duty prompts thee to excel
In baseness, meanness, more than tongue can tell,
To sear affection through the inmost core,
And force to hate who idolized before;
Go, do thy duty then, fulfil thy fate,
More worthy pity than a generous hate.

O lost to honour! lost to sense of shame!
Unworthy thou affection's tender flame;
Lost to each finer impulse of the mind,
Each soft endearment and each grace refined!—
Will yonder sun to me deny his ray,
Withdraw his face and hide the rising day?
Will spring, will summer yield her sweets no more,
With bud, and flower and fragrance as before,
If fortune smile not on my humble state,
And fail to rank me with the lordly great?
Will the birds warble with a note less shrill,
Less smoothly glide the meadow's gentle rill?
The stars not twinkle nightly overhead,
Or sleep less sound attend my peaceful bed?
If so, then might'st thou spurn my proffer'd care,
Unworthy then thy hand and heart to share.
Or had my morals been, or mind, depraved,
Excuse—denial had thy credit saved,
And reason it had satisfied to see
So much precaution in the case by thee.

All hail the time when love with love unites,
And kindred hearts are link'd in pure delights!
When Mammon worship, Mammon's shrine, shall quail
To Love, and all the softer arts prevail.
We need but nature's frugal wants supplied,
What we desire beyond were best denied.
This rule to practice daily we apply:—
Who then more independent, pray, then I?
Small are my wants; and he who little heeds
Is likest God himself, who nothing needs.
'Tis in the action, not the coin, we find
The truest impress of a noble mind;
And love, with principle combined, can grace
The goatherd's cottage or the meanest place,
Can strew with flowers life's wilderness so bare,
And spread a table with contentment there.

Ye gods, who guide us on our lonely way,
To you, who favour love, my prayer I pay!
Give me to shun that face, that heart of pride,
Where beauty reigns, where feeling is denied;
Give me, as now, a decent frugal meal,
An eye to glisten and a heart to fell;
To wish a mite—my usual alms—could be
A pound disburs'd in deeds of charity;
The wish at least be mine, the will, although
The power be null, and I the act forego.
So shall my heart, with kindly feeling blent
Diffuse within a secret, soft content;
Create a calm unknown to guilty power,
The tranquil retrospect, the balmy hour.
Be mine nor less the kindly social will,
Nor more be mine if gain'd by fraud and ill;
And this combined with love unbought, unsold,
O what can equal this? not Rothschild's gold.

Nursery Rhymes.

Dickey-bird, dickey-bird, dick!
Chickey-hen, chickey-hen, chick!
A tiss for its mozzer—
Anozer, anozer—
Dickey-bird, dickey-bird, dick.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, mew!
Little dog, little dog, bow!
O but its tanny,
It's muzzer's pet manny—
Doggy bow, doggy bow-wow!

Cock Robin hopp'd
Into Grandpapa's barn,
To pick up a feather
To keep his nest warm;
In jump'd pussy-cat—
Off with his head!
Icklety, picklety,
Cock Robin's dead!

Chance and Change.

When young, who equal to me?
'The brave, the handsome, and free;'
With friends at command,
And money in hand,
And cash in the bank—d'ye see?

No lack of fair followers then,
Each year a leap year for them;
With *billets* galore,
Each post at my door,
Their valentine, darling, and gem.

One day I endors'd a bill
For a friend—it riles me still!
  Now *billets* are scarce,
  And friendship a farce,
And cash at my banker's *nil*.

My dress is tatter'd and bare,
My looks are haggard and spare;
  I moan and sigh
  For the days gone by,
A prey to canker and care.

O Time, O Change and Chance,
How often you lead the dance!
  A legacy then
  Of thousands ten
I had left by an uncle in France.

Speculation then I'd try,
To gain me thousands forbye,
  And a fortune grand
  In a coal mine plann'd—
O what a rare genius I!

The water flooded my mine,
The cause of it none could divine;
  Machinery broke,
  Crank, pulley, and rope,
And the shaft was not plumb by the line.

My agent he sloped in debt,
I had not a single asset;
  Whereat great and small,
  My creditors all,
Were each in a terrible pet.

And now I pace the street
On my almost shoeless feet;

No creature is willing
To lend me a shilling,
Or give me a crust to eat.

O Time, O Change and Chance,
How often you lead the dance!
There soon was an end
Of acquaintance and friend—
I had no more uncles in France.

Written in Teusher Church,

1826.

A mumbling priest,
A clerk as bad;
An old cold church
And choir stark mad.

Christmas,

1861.

Old Christmas to the friendly door
Again, a happy visitant is sent;
He comes, 'the old man eloquent,'
In mistletoe and holly as before,
Berries of crimson round his brow,
Bedecking all the mistletoe.

The aged and the young partake
Of his good cheer, his beef and strengthy ale;
Each cot, each mansion him doth hail,
A jolly, chubby wight, and no mistake;
He bringeth game—the partridge, hare,
Woodcock and snipe, with other fare.

Ring, merry bells, ring loud and high!
The relatives are round the festive board,
The tenant equals now his lord—
Or did so in the olden time gone by,
When in the kitchen, in the hall,
All were alike, squire, servant, all.

Mark we no vacant sittings there,
By the hearthstone? Where is that man of eld,
The stout armchair, soft-cushion'd, held?
That ancient man with thin and silver'd hair!
Gone on long journey, far, far hence,
Beyond the bounds of time and sense!

In Windsor's regal towers a wail
Of grief—of bitter agony is rife;
A gentle prince hath passed out of life,
The Lady of the Isles with grief is pale;
The choice of her young heart is gone,
Her best beloved, her cherish'd one.

And Albion, for her widow'd Queen,
Is steep'd in sympathetic grief and woe;
To that high lady Christmas is a foe—
The bearer he of death and sorrow keen.
Weep for a nation in distress,
A queenly bosom consortless.

But lo! the poor are in the land,
They cross our pathway at the early dawn
And when the daylight is withdrawn;
Oh! help the poor, ye wealthy, heart and hand,
The season bitter cold—work none,
Their clothing bare, their cupboard done.

The Babe of Bethlehem was given
In charity to bless our fallen state;
Should we not cherish these at any rate;
Since Christ for *all* quit yonder azure heaven,

And gave Himself to bleed and die,
That we might reign with Him on high?

Oh! give this season to the poor—
A little of your store is much to them;
Think of the boon for you at Bethlehem,
And enter with an open hand their door,
He gave *Himself* for you, His choice—
Go, bid the heavy hearts rejoice.

Our Family Bible.

It was a grand old folio,
In calfskin tightly bound,
With green baize over all to keep
The binding safe and sound;
On table set, in frame so high,
It reach'd the level of your eye.

This was the third stout fastening,
In boards the first had been:
In ancient letter was the type,
Now rarely to be seen
In the mild reign of her we love,
Victoria, of the islands queen.

Therein the 'blackamoor' we find,
Who could not change his skin,
With 'breeches' all their shame to hide,
Close after Adam's sin;
With other quaintnesses, the like,
The eye and ear that oddly strike.

With marriages, with births and deaths,
The fly-leaf all was fill'd;
Of generations past and gone
The men, 'twould seem, had till'd
The parish round, each rood of ground,
In husbandry's old art well skill'd.

Few from the hamlet cared to stray,
Or tempt the faithless main;
One went, 'alas! in love's *distrait*,
Returning not again;
The leaf records the heart-romance,
But fails to tell the story plain.

And in the grave-yard 'cross the way,
Their names you may descry,
How some had died at eighty years,
And some in infancy;
The book and stone are both at one,
The written page—the letter'd stone.

Our library comprised, forbye,
The book of common prayer—
(Sternhold and Hopkins met the eye
In quaintest metre there)—
Old Bunyan's 'Pilgrim' next was seen,
With 'Chaucer's Tales' in baize of green.

A play or two of Avon's bard,
Old 'Fox's Martyrs' good;
'Sly Reynard's Life and Historie,'
The 'Spectre in the Wood;'
With 'Crusoe,' by Defoe—and who
Could handle fiction like Defoe?

Then 'Man's Whole Duty,' much in vogue,
And 'Herbert's Lyrics' good;
These form'd our bookish catalogue,
Well read and understood.
The Holy Bible on the shelf,
Above the door, lay by itself.

The grand old Volume! there it stood
All day the Sunday through;
At church we heard the sermon good,

Then tested it anew
By what the sacred volume taught,
To prove if Gospel, sound and true.

Our Saxon tongue I love it well,
Our 'English undefiled'—
Its language like an organ swell,
Its teachings pure and mild;
It speaks in tones of thunder-sound,
Its voice the truth of God profound!

My Grandame sat at closing day,
And wondering read therein
How Israel, journeying on their way,
Exceeded all in sin;
How Moses meek, the Man of God,
Bewail'd and wept their murmuring.

Then at the holy mountain where,
With miracle and sign,
God's ancient law was publish'd there,
For Israel's guide divine,
Amid the thunder's awful sound,
Amid the lightning's vivid shine!

And much and more the wonder grew,
To read how God forebore
To slay the sinners in his wrath—
(And this he sometimes swore)—
Whose hearts were fill'd with idol-love,
With Baal, Moloch, to the core.

Elder and younger all delight
In Genesis to scan,
How Joseph, once in piteous plight,
Became the foremost man
In Egypt, when the corn was scant,
His father, brethren, all in want.

Their money, too, return'd full tale,
With Jacob's tender woe,
When on the old man all prevail
To let his youngest go;
O wondrous is God's providence,
Surpassing all we mortals know!

The grand old Book, the Book of books!
It was a joy to see
The goodly promises therein
For Adam's progeny;
We love the Bible, for it brings
Prospective blessings full and free.

My grandsire, with his locks of gray,
Found comfort in the page;
He saw fulfill'd its promises
In this the latter age,
Saw and rejoiced with heart and voice,
With Abram's faith a Christian sage.

For lo! the woman's seed is come,
By Hebrew bard and seer
Long prophesied in that old Tome;
The way is render'd clear;
The subject of that Holy Book,
Immanuel, God with us, is here.

Suffering.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
"Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

In trials numberless below,
Submit thou to His holy will;
Our faith is tested by each ill,
And sin will ever prove thy foe.

All faith untried untested is;
The man of Uz still hopeful stood
When sorrows enter'd like a flood—
No grief of thine to equal his.

Affliction purifies the life;
He is not safe who conflict shuns;
Christ, form'd within, all overcomes,
All outward trial, inward strife.

His followers—who can deny?—
Are oft in trouble, oft in grief,
With little prospect of relief—
Theirs is the tear—the bitter sigh.

But lo! He bottles all their tears,
(To Him the pure of heart are known),
And from His mediatorial throne
Sends help, and puts to flight their fears.

In penury, in sickness, pain,
How often is the chastening rod
Made profit by the hand of God,—
The Christian's blessing and his gain.

The storms of winter may assail,
And for a time the land deface,
But spring is coming on apace,
And warmth and sunshine will prevail.

Twilight and darkness, in their turn,
The Christian's path through life annoy;
But near he views, with holy joy,
The coming resurrection morn.

And One is there to yield relief,
Who bore our sins on Calvary,
The Christian's life and sun is He—
Then welcome sorrow, pain, and grief!

Joseph Murray, the Coalhewer.

Past two o'clock, with rain and wind,
Poor Joseph sleepeth sound;
With summons shrill, for good or ill,
The 'Caller's' on his round—
'Rise Joseph Murray! come to work,
'Rise, get thee underground.'

At every house the Caller's voice
Is heard—a solemn note;
The sleepers soon are on their feet,
Scant hose and scant of coat—
All silent to the pit they hie,
Crippled and overwrought.

But Joseph hath a jewel got,
A talisman from ill,
That lifts his head above his lot,
And quells the stubborn will;
His 'conflicts here will soon be past'—
Zion! his watchword still.

What dangers in the jetty mine,
Fell fire and fouler air!
Whilst water from the working old
May flood them unaware;—
The roofing fall and bury all,
Without a space for prayer.

There's singing in good Joseph's house,
And prayer each Sunday night;
The neighbours round are always found
With reverence to unite—
A little church that hallow'd room,
Their leader old John Wright.

By faith is seen the happy land,
Canaan, for which they sigh—
The city with its pearly gates,
Jerusalem on high;
Jordan is rolling at their feet,—
They'll cross it by and by.

Listen! they're 'ranging the sweet plains'
Across old Jordan's river,
And singing of salvation!—strains
That make the heart-strings quiver.
Wait, blessed souls! you'll one day range
The happy plains for ever.

In Joseph's cottage you behold
The couch of ample size;
Pot-herbs suspendent from the roof
In bunches meet your eyes;
On yonder shelf the Bible's seen,
Where Wesley's hymn book lies.

A tripod on the hearth is there,
A timepiece by the wall;
A print of Jesus at the Well,
Another print 'The Fall;'
The dresser old is fully stored
With ancient pewter all.

Forget we not the garden fair,
Where flowers are train'd for show;
Onions and lettuce flourish there,
With peas in stately row;—
Potatoes, earliest of their kind,
Good roasters these, I know.

With berries large as magnum plums,
Green oceans, Turkey reds;
The ground is form'd with studied care,

In square and stately beds;
Each weed is snubb'd by waiting hands,
Before a seed it sheds.

Three lads are workers with their sire,
At Sabbath-school they've been,
(The eldest in his fifteenth year),
All goodly to be seen;
Two in the singing-pew you note
On Sundays, neat and clean.

Ye magnates of a favour'd land,
Your comforts much depend
On men like Joseph and his sons—
Be then the collier's friend;
Give him the means of knowledge, ye
Who make the laws and mend.

Epitaph for a Neighbour's Tombstone.

A tongue of lies his neighbour to defame,
A mind obtuse, devoid of sense and shame,
A heart of stone unused to pity's glow,
A friend to vice, to every virtue foe;
In oaths and drunkenness prolong'd his life,
The author base of calumny and strife;—
His were the arts to darken and destroy
The blissful visions of a girl and boy;
To snap each link of love's entrancing chain,
And wreck two hearts whom heaven did one ordain.
Such was the wretch entomb'd beneath who lies,
A corpse the foulest earthworms must despise.

My Cash.

What is't when friends do fall away,
And closes round me dark dismay,
What proves a friend more firm than they?
My Cash.

What is it gives the heartfelt joy,
Can every 'carking care' destroy,
And peace ensure without alloy?
My Cash.

What is it wafts me over seas,
By wind, by steam, where'er I please?
Can postpone death and baulk disease?
My Cash.

And what can ocean's waters drain,
Can make her bed well nigh a plain,
Then turn her billows back again?
My Cash.

Or what can mountains slowly move,
Without the aid of potent Jove?
Can purchase beauty, youth and love?
My Cash.

And what obtain my sins forgiven,
With Satan's self can set me even,
And ope, at Rome, the gates of heaven?
My Cash.

Then, O! be careful day by day,
Ye fast young men who scan my lay,
Nor squander recklessly away
Your Cash.

On a Moderate Verse-Writer.

For lack of *nous* what can atone?
The thing you've written's all your own—
Dull, flat, and heavy as a stone,
In future leave the Muse alone.

An Enigma.

Add that which at Tynemouth nods over the main,
To the third of a town in the south of much fame
For racing, for jockies, grooms, nags, and so forth,
And then you've a town of great fame in the north.

Woman's Resolution.

I will not have that Mr. Green,
I do not like the name—
He is so very dumpy too,
Blind of one eye and lame;
He comes direct from office desk
To visit 'pa and me,
But then his age is fifty-eight,
And I'm but twenty-three.

His business—so they say—is good,
With vessels on the main;
He buys shiploads of hides and wood,
Hemp, tallow, flax, and grain.
He 'Change attends, and talks about,
The markets, funds, and stocks—
All this I get when Green's gone out,
From his young agent, Cox.

One night he said a sweeter girl
There was not in the town,
And then he kiss'd my hand, and at
My feet knelt hobbling down;
Just then, when Betty, at my beck,
Came rushing from the screen,
He made attempt, but could not rise,
My carpet knight, Sir Green!

A lady sure herself should please,
And not her sordid 'pa,
And I'll have Francis Cox—I will,
Despite parental law;
Then why will Green upon me press
His suit and jewels all?
Why send me home that costly dress,
That lace and Indian shawl?

Frank Cox he is a handsome youth,
Of proper age and tall—
Complexion fair, a smiling mouth,
The beau of every ball!
He waltzes well, and sings with taste,
And writes such *billets doux!*
Writ (so he often says) in haste,
In absence of the foe.

None can with him at chess compare,
My partner in the game,
His nasal lip adorned with hair,
His eyes a lambent flame;
What grace, what manhood in his look,
He sees the road before,
Nor stumbles into mire or brook
Like Green, that horrid bore!

Green takes me to the opera
Or concert once a week,
He lauds my skill in music, when
He hears the *forte* squeak;
Or if I chance a stave to trill,
In raptures he will gaze,
And laud the slightest point of skill
In extacies of praise.

I like his ships upon the sea,
His bonded stores, and *tin*;
I much admire his hides and hemp,
Esteeming trade no sin.
I duly prize his rice and grain,
His railway shares and stocks;
But more than these, and more than Green,
I prize his agent Cox.

But then young Cox he has no seat,
No villa out of town;
He has no standing with the great—
A fault not quite his own.
He cannot keep a chaise or pard,
His friends are poor and mean;
On second thoughts I'll him discard,
And marry Mr. Green.

My Native Tyne.

My native—my ancestral Tyne,
Fast flowing from each long ravine,
With banks whose forests wave on high,
And sunny fields of varied dye;—
The scenes of youth we ne'er forget,
But witness all their freshness yet.

Thy glassy surface broad and bright,
Blue tinctured by the pale starlight,
And mellow'd deep at midnight hour,
I still confess its force and power;
Where'er I dwell, where'er I roam,
Tyneside is still my fancy's home.

A calm is on thee more than dead,
No wavelet rears to-night its head;
No fly provokes the trout to win
Its meal to-night on bounding fin;
Nor sighing breeze is up to-night,
Nor cloud to veil the bright starlight.

The dew hangs pendant on the tree,
The curling mist you scarce can see;
And, underneath the water fair,
The moon and stars hold counsel there;
And far, the distant fields among,
Is heard the landrail's rustic song.

And from yon ruin, hoar and gray,
The owl is forth till break of day;
The batwing flits her devious flight,
And half obstructs at times the sight;
No other object, other sound,
Is heard amid the calm profound.

O! dear the more, thou magic spot,
Nor with increasing cares forgot;
Dear to my heart each sylvan scene
Where fancy loves to rove serene;—
Bank, brae and field, whate'er is thine,
My native Tyne! my native Tyne!

Triplets.—Autumn.

Who is he, cutting short the day,
That olden myth in garments gray,
With fog and rain who comes this way?

From field to field he leaves a trace
Of sadness in each favourite place,—
A sombre wight in any case.

List to the wail of yonder trees,
As off he plucks their draperies,
And ruthless strews them on the breeze.

He from her tarn the swallow scares,
While Robin Redbreast's plaintive airs
Are heard—a strain of many cares.

Each hardy autumn flower is dead,
Dark leaves are o'er the garden spread,
The linnet mute, the swallow sped.

I love not autumn for their sake—
The choristers of field and brake,
The lark, the thrush, the finch and crake.

The partridge *whirr* is overhead,
The hare is in her turnip bed,
The sheaves are gone, the reapers fled.

And now the hoary rind is seen
At early morn on village green,—
Sure harbinger of winter keen.

Each season as it hastens by
Imparteth truth and wisdom high
To contemplation's wakeful eye.

'Tis autumn,—take a retrospect
Of thy past life, O man! reflect!
Redeem the time—be circumspect.

So shalt thou, holding sin at bay,
Wing at the last thy joyous way
To seasons fair of endless day.

The Sun's Galley.

He comes! he comes! the generous sun,
His steeds all harness'd a race to run;
No pack to be seen in the concave sky
His course to check as he rolls on high.
Away! away! by the break of day,
To drink up the dew on the leafy spray;
He waketh the bird and the humble bee,
The butterfly flitting in gold we see;
The moth in his beam is flaunting bright,
All things encircled in beauty and light.

Over the tree tops, over the hills,
Over the ocean wherever he wills;
He chaseth the mist from the vale below,
He maketh trees blossom, and meadows to grow;
The corn in the blade confesseth him near,
The sire of the harvest, the crown of the year;
The rose and the daffodil, daisy and cup,
All with the sun in the morning wake up.

Who is a traveller like to the sun,
Where is the steed with Phœbus can run?
Who summons the world to glory and light,
Who veileth his glory and all is night?
O! to career over island and main,
Continent, wilderness, valley, and plain!

To glance from on high at the pyramids hoar,
To look on old Rome and the cities of yore;
To peep at the Ganges, to gaze on the Pole,
All wonder and marvel as onward we roll!

Richard Cobden.

Oh! breathe his name in love—an honour'd name,
Who gave the widow and the fatherless
Bread in their poverty and sore distress,
Unmoved by prejudice, by praise, or blame.

Men laud as heroes of the human race
Who massacre their species. He was one
Whose deeds adown time's surface shall flow on;
None worthier in Fame's temple niche or place.

His eloquence—his pen of wondrous skill,
Led listening throngs new truths to ventilate,
And senates to adopt, convinc'd, though late—
Such is the force of truth o'er stubborn will.

Think you his aim was profit or applause?
He lived when England was oppress'd, unfree,
When bread was tax'd and a monopoly;
One of the people, well he plead their cause.

And, side by side with kindred spirits, chased
Corruption to her source; whilst giant men
Quail'd 'neath his simple argument, and then
Free-trade without restraint at once embraced.

At Lavington he sleepeth—sunny spot
Amid the corn fields! but not there alone:
He hath in England's memories a tomb,
In crowded city and in lowly cot.

Religious Stanzas.

The Lord vouchsafes to comfort his elect,
He watches to defend;
Amid the world's engrossing power
I feel His presence every hour,
My guardian and my friend.

It is not on joy's pinnacle alone
I note a hand unseen;
When shadows dim obscure my path,
When men like fiends arise in wrath,
I stand assured—serene.

There is no limit to Jehovah's power,
Through all creation, space;
I dare not trust myself alone,
To folly and to evil prone,
Without His guiding grace.

Lo! Mammon would encroach with subtle art—
The Tempter in disguise;
He jingles in his coffers gold,
Bonds, scrip he flaunteth—wealth untold,—
I close both ears and eyes.

For what are all earth's treasures manifold?
Subject to care and loss,
Oft fraught with mischief and abuse;
No riches equalling in use
The riches of the Cross.

Attempt not then pride's lofty pyramid,
The lowly vale thy place;
Fell passion's taint the soul within,
Partakes of folly and of sin
If unsubdued by grace.

O! let Thy presence evermore sustain,
Thy special aid I crave
In peril and temptation high;
When sin, when Satan hovers nigh,
O save me, Father, save!

Christmas.—A Contrast.

Little to eat (there is little to wear),
Snow on the flinty land, blight in the air;
Ice in the glassy pool, trees all embossed,
Far over hill and dale triumphs King Frost.

Mirth in the mansion, song in the hall,
Wine in the cellar-bins waiting for all;
Saddles of mutton, barons of beef,
All for the wassail, the guests and their chief.

Labour is scarce, bread there is none,
The cotter's potatoes are finish'd and done;
Nought in the cupboard, a rag on his bed,
His children are weeping—are weeping for bread.

Others carousing, the kith and the kin,
To keep the good Yuletide with revel and din;
From basement to rafter there's mistletoe all,
With barrels of homebrew'd on tap by the wall.

Hunger and cold await the lone poor,
Scorn not, ye rich ones, to enter their door;
The season invites you, the frost and the snow,
To come to their rescue in aid of their woe.

Bring linen, bring woollen, ye ladies so fair,
And give with good feeling whate'er you can spare.
O think of the Babe in a stable who lay,
His cradle a manger—a manger and hay!

With clothing, with food the needy defend,
Who give to the needy make Jesus their friend;
Reflect on the largess He came to procure,
Ye noble and fair ones, then give to the poor.

They amply reward you all from the heart's core
With prayer and with blessing—O what would you more?
Twice bless'd your benevolence, rich in its store—
Oh! to be wealthier for to give more.

Address of a Letter.

Convey me safe without demur—
It boots not thee and thine,—
To Mr. CHATER, bookseller,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Another.

To Mr. CHATER, Clayton Street,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
Postman, convey this valued sheet,
Or woe to thee and thine!

The Collier's Christening.

A PUFF FOR A HATTER IN NEWCASTLE.

Howway, maw aw's marrow, just as thaw wiya kirm,
Aw'll tell thee what a gannd on yon nicht I seen;
Dick Cavers's wife, by the land, I wish, by mark
Ov twe twins—cwyte tyeta aware, exactly as I think I am;
So the kimmin a-, we thinkin nowt wiyan a week -
Aw's intermin t- gan, I wis sorra sic thing.
Jackey Riley an' Bet, aw thaw yeamin, wis wi',
Besides Tommy Bonner, wis there a gay wee.

On a Moderate Verse-Writer.

For lack of *nous* what can atone?
The thing you've written's all your own—
Dull, flat, and heavy as a stone,
In future leave the Muse alone.

An Enigma.

Add that which at Tynemouth nods over the main,
To the third of a town in the south of much fame
For racing, for jockies, grooms, nags, and so forth,
And then you've a town of great fame in the north.

Woman's Resolution.

I will not have that Mr. Green,
I do not like the name—
He is so very dumpy too,
Blind of one eye and lame;
He comes direct from office desk
To visit 'pa and me,
But then his age is fifty-eight,
And I'm but twenty-three.

His business—so they say—is good,
With vessels on the main;
He buys shiploads of hides and wood,
Hemp, tallow, flax, and grain.
He 'Change attends, and talks about,
The markets, funds, and stocks—
All this I get when Green's gone out,
From his young agent, Cox.

One night he said a sweeter girl
There was not in the town,
And then he kiss'd my hand, and at
My feet knelt hobbling down;
Just then, when Betty, at my beck,
Came rushing from the screen,
He made attempt, but could not rise,
My carpet knight, Sir Green!

A lady sure herself should please,
And not her sordid 'pa,
And I'll have Francis Cox—I will,
Despite parental law;
Then why will Green upon me press
His suit and jewels all?
Why send me home that costly dress,
That lace and Indian shawl?

Frank Cox he is a handsome youth,
Of proper age and tall—
Complexion fair, a smiling mouth,
The beau of every ball!
He waltzes well, and sings with taste,
And writes such *billets doux!*
Writ (so he often says) in haste,
In absence of the foe.

None can with him at chess compare,
My partner in the game,
His nasal lip adorned with hair,
His eyes a lambent flame;
What grace, what manhood in his look,
He sees the road before,
Nor stumbles into mire or brook
Like Green, that horrid bore!

Green takes me to the opera
Or concert once a week,
He lauds my skill in music, when
He hears the *forte* squeak;
Or if I chance a stave to trill,
In raptures he will gaze,
And laud the slightest point of skill
In extacies of praise.

I like his ships upon the sea,
His bonded stores, and *tin*;
I much admire his hides and hemp,
Esteeming trade no sin.
I duly prize his rice and grain,
His railway shares and stocks;
But more than these, and more than Green,
I prize his agent Cox.

But then young Cox he has no seat,
No villa out of town;
He has no standing with the great—
A fault not quite his own.
He cannot keep a chaise or pard,
His friends are poor and mean;
On second thoughts I'll him discard,
And marry Mr. Green.

My Native Tyne.

My native—my ancestral Tyne,
Fast flowing from each long ravine,
With banks whose forests wave on high,
And sunny fields of varied dye;—
The scenes of youth we ne'er forget,
But witness all their freshness yet.

Hymn.—The Offices of Christ.

Our advocate above,
  He ever ready stands,
To hear and help the penitent,
  Whose cause is in His hands.

To Him our wants are known—
  The heart, the life, the will;
He pleads before the Judge's throne
  With all surpassing skill.

Of healing power a fount—
  Siloam's pool, and more;
The halt, the lame, may wash therein,—
  A cure for every sore.

He is the living light,
  A beacon set on high;
Who look with earnest vision there
  Will find salvation nigh.

The way, the truth, the life,
  Is Jesus to the soul;
The object lifted up for all
  To look on and be whole.

A threefold pledge He gives—
  His hands, His feet, His side;
May we for whom He ever lives
  In all His truth abide.

The bread that life sustains—
  The manna from on high,
Without a price to be obtain'd,
  And constant in supply.

A sun and shield, our Lord
  Will grace abundant give
To all believing in His word,
  Who to His glory live.

Our prophet, priest, and king,
  Jesus we Him confess;
He will accept the contrite heart,
  And all His followers bless.

One Hundred Years Ago.

What were the social comforts then
  For high degree or low?
Were our grandfathers like ourselves?
  'Tis meet their sons should know;—
Or worse, or better off than we,
  One hundred years ago?

First, gas was lacking in each house,
  The streets without a spark,
And people all, both great and small,
  Went groping in the dark,—
A proper time, and opportune,
  With "Charleys" for a "lark."

Our grandames had their ancient steel
  And flint a light to raise:
Now we possess the lucifer
  (The best are Bryant-May's)
Too handy rather, these, to set
  The stacks and ricks ablaze.

No plate-glass windows to the shop,
Your goods with art to show;
No cabs, no omnibusses then
In Fleet-street or the Row—
Sedans the fancy vehicle
One hundred years ago.

But little broad-cloth could you find
In all the mercer's shop;
Scotch tweed was not a texture then—
You scarce could be a fop;
For women's wear the common kind
Was linsey winsey slop.

No ironclads our coasts to guard
From the invading foe;
No oceanic steamers then,
No liners P. and O.;
Our fathers made their will if they
To London chanc'd to go.

How shabby were the carpets all,
How poor the peasant's fare,
And scant his clothing, and his cot
A hovel in compare—
The floor of harden'd earth or clay,—
All comfort absent there.

Few newspapers, few books and prints,
The school-master *non est*;
No Rowland Hill, no penny post,
Of all improvements best;
No envelopes of De la Rue's—
The wafer was a pest.

Railways and locomotives none—
On Shank-his-nag you go,
Or stay at home; or take your chance

In carrier's waggon slow—
The carrier an important man
A hundred years ago.

The grey-goose quill our fathers plied—
We now have Gillott's pen,
A fine steel-pointed implement,
Not faulty one in ten;
And last, not least, the telegraph,
A thing undreamt of then.

Thus, taking both sides in account,
'Tis very plain to show
We far excel the former age,
A fact we moderns know—
The present time before the past
One hundred years ago.

Hymn.—The Solitaire.

A dweller all alone,
My thought o'erleaps the sky
To hold endearing intercourse
With One who dwells on high.

Communing with its God,
The soul needs never feel
Deserted of a present guide,
To counsel, help, and heal.

Though lone in my abode,
No slavish fear is mine;
Myself into God's gracious hand
I cheerfully resign.

This night I lie me down ;
The Lord a guard will keep
Around His servant's dwelling place,
And yield him peaceful sleep.

Or, if his fiat run
The morn I shall not see,
So be it, Lord! Thy will be done,
My soul shall wake with Thee.

A Dame-School Reminiscence.

How brief the term of sixty years,
How rapid in its flight!
That dame-school I remember well
With truant-clog in sight,
Whereto the urchin-leg was oft
Attach'd in piteous plight.

A cottage low, of pantiled roof,
It stood the fold beyond ;
Before the door, ten yards or more,
Was seen the village pond,
Where ducks and geese, in clamorous mood,
All day one's hearing stunn'd.

Two swallows 'neath adjacent eaves
Had yearly built with care ;
And oft, at times of asking out,
We watch'd them busy there,
Opposed by sparrows, firmly set
To banish off the pair.

A stream hard by—a winding stream—
It was a pure delight ;
In fancy's eye 'tis cherish'd still,

Though lost for years to sight;—
I hear its sleep-inspiring drone
In musings of the night.

We waded there at noon, at eve,
Drew minnows from the pool,
Long sauntering through the afternoon
Beyond the time for school,
Till truant-clog was our desert,
Or worse, the cap of fool.

The dame-lore taught was passing rare—
The Child's Hornbook renown'd;
Then Reading Easy Made came next,
To us a tome profound;
With words of full two syllables,
A grief in shape and sound.

With a, b, *ab* and e, b, *eb*,
Safe progress thus we made,
The only road to learning known,
For high and low in grade;
That ancient dame, bespectacled,
Child-lore her craft and trade.

And if sometimes a harder word
In reading might occur,
She kindly, for her pupils' sake,
Would gloss the matter o'er,
And bade us *skip* the naughty word,
As we had done before.

And much was practised, custom meet,
By all with one accord,
At close of school each ending week,
The prayer of our dear Lord;
All following with lisping tongues
The school-dame, word for word.

And coop'd within that pent-up room
We bore school durance long;
Yet some would doze before its close—
The weaklings of the throng—
While she sat knitting, knitting hose,
Her bookish charge among.

They say that pantiled cottage now
Is vanish'd from the scene,—
The village streamlet lost to sight
That fringed the village green;—
The duck and goose-pond, named before,
As it had never been.

But in their stead a town appears,—
Loud shriekings as of woe,
With belching flame and steam all hours,
And rushings to and fro,—
With trucks and trains of monster size
All flying in a row!

O! give me back the *olden* time,—
I care not for the new,
All gloss and tinsel at the core,
To nature all untrue;
For nature boasts her thousand charms
While art has only few.

But what of all my earliest friends?
How order'd was their fate?
One sailor lad—his lot how sad!—
Fell from the main mast height;
Another met a sailor's death
In far Magellan's Strait.

A merchant's clerk the next became,
(I fain his end would hide,)
A handsome youth but lacking truth,

All vanity and pride ;
For sleight of hand with money bills
They sent him cross the tide.

One was a miller down the stream ;
And one a noted man,
Who organized that railway scheme,
With others of like plan,
Then he was sent to parliament—
A wondrous race he ran.

Poor Bobby Raine would never learn—
The first in trick and prank—
Then what become of Bobby Raine ?
He turned a mountebank ;
For those who shun instruction young
Will seldom rise to rank.

The rest are lost in memory's mine,
Who waded in the pool ;
Few like myself remain to tell
The dame's mild reign and rule ;
Not many more, of years threescore,
Small students of that school.

Proverbial Couplets.

Enact your part by reason's rule,
Else wise men will esteem you fool.

'Tis better to be truly good
Than, lacking this, of noble blood.

He is the best reformer who
Begins with number one, you know.

O'er foes would you the victor prove?
Ply them with kindnesses and love;
Or would you strife perpetuate?
Then still continue scorn and hate.

Than Ammou's son a greater he,
Who conquers pride, lust, enmity.

Let wisdom reign, a power apart,
Guiding the will, the life, the heart.

Would you the throng conciliate?
A fickle task at any rate.

Mankind a medley, good and bad,
Be not at folly over sad.

Despise no poor man for his want
Of means; thy boasting may be vaunt.

Not always sure of pounds and pelf,
We should love knowledge for itself.

Consider, for your pocket's sake,
How you a binding contract make.

Take heed when you attend the mart,
And be not dupe to gloss and art.

Be careful not to thrust and push
To be a great man at a rush.

Best do a little business well,
Than a false trade to cut a swell.

To keep the peace, with conscience sound,
Pay twenty shillings in the pound.

To others be sincere and true,
And do as you would have them do.

By patient industry and care,
You may be councillor or mayor;
Indeed you one day may be sent,
A greater man, to Parliament.

On branches often is no fruit,
Though good the tree, both trunk and root;
So children worthless oft you find
Their parents good, to right inclined.

Avoid all credit if you can;
This often tempts, then wrecks a man.

Live thou upon a meal a day,
Rather than barter peace away.

A little nature will supply—
The old and true philosophy.

Take salt with any who will take
The same with you, for peace's sake.

Show kindness and good-will to all;
Thus much respect will you forestall.

At excellence 'tis best to strive,
A point at which how few arrive.

We cannot all be on a par,
All great in science, art, or war.

'Tis well to watch—well to consider,
Nor be for gauds the highest bidder.

Some things are dear at any price—
Why pay for folly, or for vice?

Look well to others—you will see,
Enough in them your care to be.

Shun Bacchus and his idol-fane,
Pursue not pleasures mix'd with pain;
Folly and madness in the train
Of Bacchus, and each other bane.

In games of chance small pleasure take,
For your good name and purse's sake;
Indulging much the zest creates,
To purse's hazard and estate's.

Let temperance over all preside:
Sound health will travel by your side.

Prudence and candour, graces twain,
Take to your heart and there retain.

From passion's force, O! keep afar:
Why with yourself wage endless war?

Truth, honour, virtue, all unite
To form the gentleman aright:
Who lacks such needful excellence,
Not gentle is in any sense.

Better with Humphrey (Duke) to dine,
Than follow mistresses and wine.

Integrity becomes the brave:
Be no man's toady—woman's slave.

A joyful home and family,
Is that wherein they all agree.

The tyrant of his house is one
Who reaps the wind, whose wit is gone.

To error naturally prone,
Your fault delay not to atone.

Contention leads to hatred;—why
The social evils multiply?

For ills to come 'tis well to stay—
Meet not misfortune on the way.

The worthy knight, Sir Industry,
Makes all his faithful servants free.

The spade and pick-axe of the poor
Keep wolfish hunger from the door.

Labour secures the poor man health:
Diseases oft locate with wealth.

The poor, the rich, the wise, the great,
To loss and cross is heir, each state.

Aim not at wit; the wit is one
Fear'd by his friends, esteem'd by none.

An ounce of good sense, any day,
Will half a pound of wit outweigh.

One should act worthy of a name,
If to renown we never came.

Things are not here—we quite agree—
Exactly plann'd for you and me.

One party gains, another loses,
Yet Providence the whole disposes.

Be ours, with reverence impressed,
To own that all is for the best.

Odd pence in alms-gifts, day by day,
Are little in a rich man's way.

Appearances do not decry:
The world is led by these, wellnigh.

Graceful address and dress, with truth,
Sit well on all, but most on youth.

Be constant at your post each day,
If you would have a business pay.

On those you trust keep watchful sight:
I've known such men take sudden flight.

Do novelties your mind engage?
Read Darwin's very *classic* page.

Wit and absurdities supreme
Can centre in one head, 'twould seem.

Ten fingers hint you might invest
The same for your own interest.

Two feet imply you may proceed:
Great haste is oft the lesser speed.

Two eyes, two ears are lent to man
To see, to listen all he can;
But only one well guarded tongue
Is his,—a hint to old and young.

A large house cripples men in trade:
High rent and servants must be paid.

The kitchen is a lavish place:
It lets the income down apace.

Of food be careful what you take,
As well for health as pocket's sake.

Eat slowly, for the teeth are there
Food for the stomach to prepare.

A hearty laugh is really good
For all,—it circulates the blood.

Soft speech the furious will disarm,
And save you from assault and harm.

Revenge is common to the brute:
Forbearance is God's attribute,

Of none speak evil; strife avails
The circulation of ill tales.

Two sides a question will embrace—
'Tis well to view the brighter phase.

To every wealthy man you meet
Doff not your castor in the street.

To cozen wealth, to flatter, fawn,
Becomes not any worthy man.

Talent is oft at zero down,
While knavery is at high renown.

There is not field for all to rise
In name and fame of extra size.

The way to exaltation high
Is sometimes through adversity.

Whiles vulgar tact and impudence
Precedence take of worth and sense.

Sling not a stone at every giant;
Just mean observe; be not too pliant.

Put on more clothing should you fight,
To keep the blows off, left and right.

Consult with few; each one a friend,
Will leave you friendless in the end.

To-day is ours, fast ebbing on,
To-morrow has been seen by none;
The present hour is mortals' own,
And yesterday is past, is flown.

Judge the past day, each word, each act,
To keep with conscience faithful pact.

Who would keep Sabbath holy, they
Must learn to keep the Saturday.

Novels are life in masquerade :
Eschew them as a rule, each grade.

All silly witless rhymes eschew—
(These couplets notably, say you.)

Law courts avoid if possible,
Attorneys' offices as well.

Avoid the money-lending Jew,
For cent per cent's too much for you.

Of foreign lotteries, foreign shares,
Be cautious—full of baits and snares.

With mines in Fiji, Timbuctoo,
Have nothing in the world to do.

Suspect when dividends surprise
The public by their sudden rise.

Wealth sometimes comes to the elect
From sources that they least expect.

Should business in your line decrease,
Break not your heart, and others' peace.

The world is all before us still,
To force a way, exert a will.

To ——.

Why do I linger on in silent grief?
Why doth a secret fire my life consume,
With no alleviation, no relief—
A prey to anguish and a speedy tomb?

She must not sanction my too ardent flame;
So heavenly pure, who can her worth express?
My bosom throbs at mention of her name,
Perturb'd, inebriate at love's excess.

O! to be free as yonder bird of morn
That mounteth to the welkin, where his strain
Is one of gladness—not a lay love-lorn.
Here am I captive bound in triple chain.

To tell her of my sufferings were vain.
As one that travels 'neath a fervid sky
Sinks pitiless, in loneliness and pain,
So am I doom'd to languish and to die.

The Old Tyneside Pitman "Gannen to Newcassel."

Come, Geordy, man, howway we me!
Tom Shafty an' Bob Kellett, tee,
'Ili byeth be at the toon the day,
For this yen is the thranger pay.
The streets 'll swarm wi' pitmen a',
An' viewers, tee, man, greet an' sma'.
Wor maister's sure to be at toon
To try to pull the score-price doon,
Wiv other maisters, when they meet.
Noo this is what aw call not reet.
A hewer wiv a wife, ye see,
And five or six i' femily,
He cannot stand to be pull'd doon,
An' wark a' day for half-a-croon.
But gentlemen they divvent ken
The wants ov sec as us poor men.

When Mally gets the bairns's breed
And claes, and hats to fit their heed,
There's little left the baff week through,
When a' the house luiks black an' blue.

Yen day aw went to toon mesel,
An' gat three pints o' stunnin' yell;
Ay, man, it was byeth sweet an' strang!
An' then aw gollor'd out a sang
Myed a' the comp'ny laugh an' roar,
An' then they shouted out *hencore!*
So aw'd to sing the sang agyen—
The vairses in't were twenty-ten.
Yen chap ses he to me, ses he,
'Maw jewel! dis thou not ken me?
Aw's thee aud unkel at Pit-hill.'
'Go-cab! is thou aud unkle Will?
How's the young cocker? how's Aunt Nell?
Here, hinney, fetch a quairt o' yell;
Yen cannot see a styme in here—
It puts a body blind this beer.'
A conjurin' fellow then cam in,
And he wad turn the yell to gin,
An' then the gin to yell agyen;
Ses aw, 'Maw pet, aw's gannin' hyem.'
Then doon aw glimed at his twe feet—
They were nyen clubb'd—byeth strite an' reet;
Huziver to the door aw went—
Aw thowt there was a brumston scent,
The Deevil stite, for owt aw kent.

Then crouse aw swaggers doon the street,
Me pipe i' hatband stickin' reet,
Ca's in at Maister Co.s on bye,
'Pleese are ye Mister Co.?' ses I;
'A pund o' burd seed, an' a pair

O' clogs, oor Jockey wants them sair.
Ses Mister Co. to me, ses he,
'We nothink sell, good sir, but tea;
This is the Cheeny tea shop, where
You get an article quite rare.'
So oot aw cuts—bowls in next door,
But this was warser then afore;
They sell'd ne clogs—nowt o' that sort,
But puffs an' taarts, an' a' sec dort.

Ay what a toon Newcassel is!
The pipes an' backey byeth had riz;
The flooer was up a groat a styen—
My sankers it's a sin an' shem;
If ever aw shud be the Mayer
Things shudn't rise se fast an' sair.
Its grand to luik in at the nice
Shops where there's watches, buiks, an' spice.
The sticks yen sees an' nobby canes
Aw cannot match wiv a' me pains—
An' as for cages, fie for shem!
Whe *can* myek cages like to them?
(Aw myed three spankers last greet strike,
An' nine an' twenty sticks, bekrike!)

A chep cam up, se spruce an' nice,
An' ax'd the road to Paradise;—
He tuik us for some country cull
Just brokken lowse frae wark, the full.
Ses aw, 'Can thou tell me how mony
Links there's iv oor new crabchine, Johnny?'
Or can thou tell how mony score
Joe Purvis hew'd the week afore
The boolin' match upon the fell?'
The haw buck glowr'd an' cudden't tell.
For folks to scoff it isn't reet
At huz poor pitmen i' the street.

Ay, man, that Grey Street is a hit !
It's like the mainway i' wor pit ;
The shops is worth a croon to view—
See colours, reed an' white an' blue ;
Ye talk o' Lunnin all the while,
Newcassel's forarder ten mile.
Aw went to Lunnin yence to see
The Exurbishon—waises me !
'Twas nowt like Grey Street or the Side—
Thor Lunneners all stink o' pride.
Lang Benton, Fawdon, Killinworth,
Tyne-waater toons, ov sooth and north,
Wi' Whickham, Swalwell, Gyetside-fell,
Club a' together for a hyel,
Wad nivvur match Newcassel toon—
Aw'll tyek a quairt agyen a croon.

But aw'm a bizen for a jaw ;
Aw nivvur gat the clogs, ye knaw,
Nor burd-seed owther. So next week
The muel nevvur cheep'd a cheep.
An' when aw tuik the cage to stick
A piece ov egg in't for poor Dick,
There he was lyin', legs up—caud !—
He was five years an' twelve weeks and ;
An' wad eat nowther flesh nor breed,
Wor Jackey gav him—so he dee'd.
Smash ! he was like a music box,
Notes lang an' short—all kinds, begox !
An' nobbit use the fryin' pan,
The lilts se gaily then began ;
An' noo, becaus he hed ne seed,
The beggar tuik the pet an' dee'd.

As for the clogs—it isn't reet—
But Jackey's gaun on barefoot feet,

Till Mally gans to toon agyen,
An' brings a pair o' stunners hyem—
All letter'd ower—brass nails and progs—
J for wor Jackey, C for clogs;
He will gan stampin' doon the raw,
For Jackey bangs the pit lads a'.
But is thou for the toon the day?
Come, Geordy, hinney man, howway.

Houghton Feast.

"Clown, beau, and belle, came feastward trooping forth,
"The grave, the gay, the handsome, and the witty."

Now comes the season round again,
When joy and mirth seize every swain,
When damsels doff their clouted shoon,
The apron check and linsey gown,
To sport new dresses, ribbons blue,
White, red and green, of every hue;
This season near Saint Michael's day,
Devoted long to mirth and play,
When sombre Houghton, all alive,
From yearly torpor will revive,
And hail the day with joy sincere
That brings her shows and races here.

From Lumley, Lambton, Shiney-row,
They come new-clad from top to toe;—
From Raintons, Pittington, Belmont,
From Haswell, Hetton Downs, as wont;—
From Penshers twain, both old and new,
From Offerton and Hylton too;—
From Usworth, Wrekenton, Black Fell,
Oxclose and Washington as well;—
With Wapping last, where pigs are rife
All times, and ready for the knife.

Sing, Muse of sprightly mien and grace,
The varied sights in Market-place.

There stalls innumerous meet the eye,
While flags and banners flaunt on high;
Shows by the score arrest the sense,
And what's worth pounds is seen for pence.

Serpents alive and savage men
Inhabit here the selfsame den;
One swallows swords and daggers whole,
Or dines upon a red-hot coal;
While pugilistic heroes rise
To blacken well each other's eyes,—
Such startling, truthful wonders there,
As never yet at feast or fair
By any eye of man hath been,
Or will be likely, to be seen.

The roundabout—see how it trips!
And just observe those flying ships,
In air as high as each house-top
They vault apace, then earthward drop.
Hold on, ye tiny sailors all,
I trust you'll weather out the squall;
Some of you look surpassing pale,
And will not long hold out the gale,—
And you who ride on horses round,
Take care you come not soon to ground.

The rapid drums and cymbals shrill
The head and heart with rapture fill,
Whilst strains of flute and clarionet
Like polish'd scythe the teeth might set.
He who at this soul-stirring time
Would mock Apollo's power sublime,

May never fair or feast supply
A scene of pleasure to his eye,
Or Houghton music to his ear
Pour more its melody so clear!

But from the Market-place we hie
Up street, and pass the Old Hall by,
Thence onward where the racers chase
Each other's tails in playful race.

Arrived, the ground we fairly scan—
What ingenuity of plan!
Long poles to mark the course are seen,
And where you gaze the grass is—green.
Pavilions for the sale of beer,
Like royal tents stand stately here;
And, as I learn, the James's ale
Commands by far the readiest sale;
A noble stand the field doth crown—
O! may it never more fall down,
Much to the fear of some fat men
Who mayn't fall on their feet again.
I could with rapture well dilate
On each arrangement separate,
Suffice thus far -you understand—
Art, nature, taste, go hand in hand.

Hark! now the bell has warned all
To clear the course, and instant fall
In order due to see the heat
Between two steeds on six sound feet.
Hurra, they're off! I see them yet—
O what a heat on which to bet;
Though both are lame, 'tis likely case
That one at least will win the race.

Thus in the Grecian fields and plains,
Where gods and heroes rear'd their fanes,
Sports like to these, of high attain,
Emboldén'd youth the prize to gain,
And oft his manly temples fair
Wore crowns of fadeless laurel there.

Quit we the course, and let us then
Take notes beside the lion's den;
The lion on a board is there,
All rampant in the yielding air;
A greasy pole erect and high
Must here be mounted by and bye,
And lo! a leg of mutton good
Is placed across the slippery wood.
Arouse ye, youth of Houghton town,
And to the *fete* address ye soon;
Once gained, your name in aftertime
Will live perhaps in local rhyme;
For doubtless 'twill be said of you,
'This is the youth of ardour true
Who scaled the greasy pole—no glutton—
And bore away the envied mutton.

Let Houghton races long survive,
And in young hearts and memories live;
May never geese be scanty when
Each year the feast returns again.
Long may our friends continue free
To entertain good company;
Joy be the guest of all who steer
To merry Houghton once a year—
And may it never rain at least
For three full days at Houghton Feast!

Solferino.

The land is strewn with dead!
Three leagues—four leagues—the dying crowd the plain;
A sanglant river from each heart and vein
Flows down the valley's bed;
The vulture from her height looks on
With gladness at the carnage red.

Earth groans beneath its weight
Of headless trunks and trunkless heads the while,
Horses and horsemen, scatter'd rank and file,
Holden in death's estate;
While Satan, laughing from beneath,
Exults with fiends insatiate.

Reason and love are fled,
Fled from the councils and the haunts of men;
Passion and hate and discord from their den,
On war's fell mission sped,
Are traversing each classic clime,
Terror and anguish round to spread.

The sun is sick at sight!
List to the elemental war that day;
The thunder and the lightning-flash pourtray
High wrath at deeds unright.
No muse of mine may pæans raise
To war the pestilence—the blight!

Methought that war should cease
With the advance of civilising arts,
That high intelligence had better'd hearts,
And guaranteed earth's peace;
Let Solferino make reply,
And say what nearer war's surcease.

The widow's tears are naught,
And orphans weep a father's fate in vain;
Can future freedom count for legions slain?
Is guilt with freedom fraught?
Glory, fame, honour—empty names!
Who would believe in all they taught?

Death and the grave acclaim,
O Solferino! at their harvest-home;
Not Carthage, Macedon,—not regal Rome
More carnage gave to fame—
A goodly crop of human mould!
Shame, Europe, and her despots, shame!

Addresses of Letters.

FIRST.

O yes, O yes! I must be sent
To Chatham in the county Kent;
Convey me safe without disaster—
I'm for the Dockyard School head-master.

SECOND.

To Mr. Penrith, Thirty-one,
Of Springfield Place in Leeds;
The fate of Sisyphus be his
Who breaks my seal and reads.

On the Duke of Wellington's being appointed First Lord of the Treasury,

1828.

Ere Philip's son, in arms renown'd,
Beheld his future earth,
By fair Olympia's side was found
Dian to assist his birth,

Who quit at Ephesus her shrine
(Herself and Ammon both divine)
To give a hero to the earth.
When homewards to her fane she went,
She found the gods, to grace the event,
The marvel to proclaim,
Had prompted Erostratus' ire
The sacred edifice to fire,
In hope of an immortal fame.
To mark the advent of that hero-boy
The gods a wonder of the world destroy.

To grace thy advent, mighty chief! the skies
Of kindly aspects lent their best supplies:
The pleiades and hyades
That hour their favouring influence shed,
While mighty Jove with all above
Did then ordain, by firm decrees,
Heaven's choicest gifts devote upon thy head.
'Go, favour'd child,' the thunderer said,
'The laurel waits thy brow,
'The olive, type of concord true,
'The boon of hosts by thee to victory led!'
'Go, favour'd child!' the skies return'd,
'The laurel waits thy brow,
'The olive, type of concord true,
'The boon of hosts by thee to victory led!'

Forth went the fame-devoted youth to war,
Gallia's despotic will to bar;
Minerva bless'd her warrior boy
With conquest sure, the soldier's joy.
Can aught oppose the arms of those
All-favour'd of the skies?
A world of foes could ne'er oppose
What heaven ordains in counsels wise.

Like Cæsar old,
He went, he saw,
And conquer'd in his might so bold.
No power below
Of Jove averts the fated blow,
Or aught of heavenly influence can withhold.

The tyrant of the restless soul,
Panting for the world's domain,
To have and hold in fetter-chain,
His arrogance thou mad'st control:
That haughty Gaul who held in thrall
The nations as her vassal slave,
Did to thy arms submiss'ly cower;
The nations peace thy valour gave,
And liberty to each, to all,
Beyond a despot's power.
Ages yet unborn
Shall hail thy natal morn,
Whose name with Aristiades',
Cymon's and Themosticles',
Adown the stream of time shall flow,
And later far than those.

Now, like the chief of Carthage old,
Who swore to Rome eternal hate,
Released from war thou quit'st her car
To lead the counsels of the state:
Like him we hope to see thee shine,
Favour'd by the peaceful stars,
First the best beloved of Mars,
Anon the child of white-robed peace divine;
For in the field or senate sage,
The province to excel we know is thine.

Jack Hall, the Blacksmith.

What man is that with open honest face,
  Leaning half breathless o'er the low shop-door,
With bare and sinewey arms? Inside the place
  Wind implements you spy, one, two, or more,
With heavy stithies on the earthen floor;
  Wheels, ploughshares, harrows, all promiscuous lie,
With nails and bolts and rusty keys a store;
  Good lack! his handcuffs people terrify—
  The village smith is he, known to each passer-by

Twice fifty years and more, from sire to son,
  The smithy has been order'd by these men;
None living recollects the same begun—
  'Tis said it was about the era when
'The rebels were astir,' and hundreds ten
  Of Highlanders in kilts march'd through the town;
Hard by, the house of God stands fair to ken,
  Adjacent which you mark the 'Rose and Crown,'
  Whose strengthy ale, home-brew'd, near knocketh rustic down.

The smith by name is now call'd *Mister* Hall—
  Jack Hall he was what time his father shoed;
The 'shop' is known to hinds and farmers all,
  To John the church-clerk and schoolmaster shrewd.
Here overseers and bailiffs all obtrude
  On wooden door and window-shutts their bills,
In form of 'Caution to all Felons rude,'
  Or 'Stolen from the field of farmer Gills,'
  Or 'Notice of Great Tithe,' the parson's barn that fills.

And every Friday eve you may behold
  A somewhat more than ordinary few
About the window front; whilst one, more bold,
  Of Stentorian voice and accent true,

Reads largely out the paper, damp and new,
From neighbouring town convey'd by serving-lad,
Who, with the barrels lacteal, doth pursue
His errand twice a day to town, right glad—
A whistling urchin he, of heart how little sad!

And round and round to all the news is read,
How England prospers in her mercantile,
Or how, in decadence, she droops as dead,
With want to millions in her hive-like isle;
How markets flag in consequence the while;
The price of wheat the latest market-day;
Of lovers' jaunts to Gretna, many a mile,
With guardian hot pursuing lady gay,
Whose carriage axle breaks, full speed upon the way.

Perhaps the whole adjourn where Mary Bell
Deals copious draughts to all,—a matron she
The Rose and Crown who owns and orders well.
There, deep in politics, you straight may see
Our Mister Hall, the clerk, and company;
Some laud Sir Robert, some the 'Widow's Mite',
Others show Tory taints, or Whiggery;
But all belabour sore, with main and might,
The Poor-law as in force, un-English and unright.

Two sons of Mister Hall assist their sire—
Two stalwart lads, the heavy sledge who wield,
From day to day they tantalize the fire,
And, although striplings, well they force to yield
The restive iron, temper'd and anneal'd:
One Jack is named, the younger Abraham,
None better gear can finish for the field;
The elder lad is quiet as a lamb,
But Abram oft, alas! his precious limbs will d——.

From Monday morning early, until late
Each day, including Saturday, they toil,
Beat, beating, blowing fit to rend one's pate;
Week after week they labour, sweat, and moil.
Then, when the Sabbath comes, all work to foil,
His family with Mister Hall are seen
Wending together to yon sacred pile,
Bounded by lone churchyard and village green—
But now the bell is done, and they're at prayers, I ween.

Fragment.

The man who trusts unto another's aid
Relies upon a bulrush.—He who leans
On heaven and on himself will never fall.
To steer within the pale of reason's course,
To curb revenge, pride, anger, love and hate,
To hold a conscience void of all offence,
To meet difficulty with fearless front,
To overcome ill fortune and the passions,
To meet resign'd what cannot be put by,
To bear much rather than commit a wrong,
To speak truth always rather than deceive,
To guard your principles before your gold;—
This is the end of true philosophy,
The sum and substance of true manhood this.

Change.

Lo! where the morn of opal hue
Advances from the sky,
Baptizing all the land with dew,
As rolls her chariot high;

The birds, awake to greet her reign,
Pour forth each vocal bill,
While flowers in hedgerow, field and lane,
Their latent sweets distil.

The day before thee is not thine—
Ere night what numbers fall!
Perchance our lot, or mine or thine,
One smiter smiteth all;
The ruthless wind destroys the flower,
'Tis vanish'd from the scene;
The bird so happy in its bower
Is nowhere to be seen.

'Tis man's appointed lot to change,
The lot of all below;
Not more the winds as on they range,
The streams as on they flow;
Not more the seasons as they wait,
Impatient on the year;
A tenure brief is man's estate—
To be, and disappear!

Valentine to Jane.

'Oh name for ever sad, for ever dear,
'Still breathed in sighs, still utter'd with a tear.

And thou, my Jane, mayst hail the day
To lovers dear, Saint Valentine,
Nor heed the silent slow decay
Of one who dies for love of thine;—

In maiden prime perchance mayst smile,
And lavish forth on all around
Each winning grace,—nor heed the while
A secret death-inflicting wound!

Smile on! smile on! to me more dear
Thy joy than aught a world can give;
Such thought alone my grief could cheer,
That smile alone still bid me live.

'Be Clothed with Humility.'

Like to the Master would I be,
'Clothed with all humility;'
Or like his servant, righteous Paul,
For Christ the lowliest of all.

The way to exaltation high
Is often through humility;
Who would rise higher in the scale,
Must travel first the lowly vale.

For say of what is mortal proud,
The worm, the mattock, and the shroud?
Of life, included in a breath?
Of sin, that caused the Saviour's death?

With erring man comports not pride,
To sin and Satan near allied;
Such boasting is the more to blame,
He glories only in his shame.

'If I, your master, deem it meet
'In lowliness to wash your feet,
'How ought ye then yourselves to be
'Clothed with all humility!'

Not my feet only, Lord, my head,
My heart, my hands are foul indeed;
Wash throughly, and myself shall be
'Clothed with all humility.'

Vain heart! thy lusts I crucify,
All naughty pride and bouncing high;
Thy good resolves I cannot trust—
God be my help! for I am dust.

My Home is on High.

A candidate lowly for honours on high,
Silently, slowly, the moments pass by;
Afar is discover'd the crown—a rich prize,
O welcome each cross if to glory I rise!

No worth do I boast—'tis the Saviour hath died,—
His name is a host to defend and to guide;
Who died in old Adam in Jesus may live,
Who gave Himself for us our loss to retrieve.

The sword of the Spirit let with me abide,
With which to encounter my foes on each side,
With faith's triple armour and hope's plated helm;
These conquer in death and will Satan o'erwhelm.

Huge Anak and Og lie in wait in my path,
With Magog and Gog, to affright in their wrath;
'For Christ and for Glory,' my banner's unfurl'd,—
My foes flee before me, sin, Satan, the world.

Shall hunger and pain be accounted an ill,
Or sorrow the heart with despondency fill?
What anguish was His who life's wilderness trod,
What sorrow of soul with the holy Man-God!

No heartless indignity yet have I borne,
No scourging, no buffeting, insult and scorn;
A victim to slaughter they led Him at will,
My Lord and my Master, to Calvary's hill.

A candidate lowly for mansions on high,
What boots it the sorrow, the tear and the sigh?
Let friends recede from us in need and distress,
A friend is the Saviour who loves to excess.

O, to be number'd with those of His flock,
Who range unencumber'd and drink of the Rock!
In weal or disaster His law to fulfil,
To follow the Master with heart and with will.

They beckon me over, afar on the strand,
I gaze on the river that parts the bright land;
Why doubt I a moment His glory to see?
The wealth of that kingdom is hoarded for me.

The jasper and pearl from the shore I behold,
The king in his beauty—the streets of pure gold;
They beckon me over, an heir of that sky,
I come, happy spirits! my Home is on High.

Life's Pathway.

Not long our path below—
Not long man on his journey lies,
Doubt his familiar, fear, surprise,
Incertitude and woe.

Haply a light is seen
To cheer him on his devious way,
A cresset, but of earthly ray,
Of friendly seeming sheen.

He follows in its track,
And for a season gaily wends,
Unheeding whitherward it tends—
The light is out, alack!

The cliffs, how ill to scale,
That cross at every point this road;
Wars, dangers, here have their abode,
Diseases,—every ail.

Deep gullies in the way,
Threescore and ten in view appear;
Who fall into the same, 'tis clear,
Will see no more the day.

Yet, far as eye can reach,
Out in the distance, may be scann'd—
(Faith only this can understand)—
A guidestar man to teach,

Which onward beckons still.
This is the Christian's star—he sails
By it when other object fails,
Of wondrous power and skill.

The diligent of view
Can this discover on their way,
When first life's voyage they essay—
No star of heaven so true,

It far surpasseth them.
In joy and gloom alike the same,
It is—would ye enquire its name?
The STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

David's Prayer on the Proposed Building of the Temple.

1ST CHRONICLES, CHAPTER 29TH.

Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel,
Our Father! blessed be thy name for ever!
Thine all the greatness and the power and glory!
All in the heavens and on the earth is thine.
Thine is the kingdom, Lord, exalted high,
Above all might! Come honour, riches, power,
Of thee, who givest strength and might to men.
Now therefore do we thank and praise thy name,
Thy glorious name, great Father, Lord and King.

But what am I, and what my people all,
That we should render offerings unto thee?
Our substance thine, for all things come of God.
Are we not strangers as our fathers were;
Pilgrims and sojourners upon the earth,
A shadow on the wall, then sudden gone?
Thou triest, Lord, the heart and its intents;
In the uprightness of my heart I offer
These things to thee, and to thy service give.
With willingness my people gifts present
Most humbly unto thee,—accept the same.

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, Israel,
Keep this design in thought of all thy people,
And give to Solomon, my son, a heart
To keep thy testimonies and thy statutes—
A heart intent to rear the holy place
For which provision ample hath been made
By me,—a temple to the Lord of Hosts,
A house for God to dwell in evermore.

To a Wedding Ring, Sent to a Lady.

Go, earnest of affection, happy token,
  Meet offering of my love, as sure thou art!
What though the 'silver chord' may still be broken,
  Thou bear'st the burden of a willing heart—
A heart that throbs to feel, if this can be,
More of thy mistress' love incessantly.

Go—tell her whose pale cheeks for me disclose
  The riot of the heart, the faded hue,
The canker-worm of grief, the blighted rose,
  That thou wilt be her talisman most true—
Her amulet from harm.—Unneeded, thou
Wilt still remind her of each former vow.

Go—gem of tender hope and anxious pain,
  My solace and my doubt—uncertain toy!
Yet flatter not nor speak in soothing strain,
  Lest circumstance and change the dream destroy;
Yet say thou would'st be proud her hand to grace,
And shine with lustre in the proper place.

O, do not damp the joy that lights her brow—
  A transient glow of bliss through tears the while,
But say this honour does not wait thee *now*,
  A happier day may dawn, and heaven may smile.
Grief long hath been her consort.—Thou mayst be
A mourning ring perhaps to her or me.

Go, meet resemblance of eternity!
  Say there is peace in heaven and bliss divine,
Souls wash'd from tint of all impurity,
  United hearts, and love like hers and mine;
No envy to oppose, no string to jar,
No world in arms young hope and love to mar.

The Bachelor Knight and his Five Ladies.

A TEA DRINKING.

Dear Cousin,

As anything new from my hand
With yourself and fair sisters meets ready demand,
Having little to do I'll relate you a tale,
(If my memory hold good and the muse should not fail),
Of a wonderful tea-drinking, waltz-dancing rout,
In a village of late that has here fallen out;
And believe me, dear coz, not a word will I say
But the truth and this only, come of it what may,
Of our youth and his party invited to tea,
Whether ill done or well done my budget may be.

You must know there be numbers of *belles* in our town,
From the 'grave to the gay,' from the fair to the brown,
Fine charming dear creatures, quite angel-like all,
In stature some little, some taper and tall;
All truly genteel, nice lovely young queens,
Full set upon husbands, and all in their teens.
Young gemmen we have too—as right there should be,
Where the ladies in contact so seldom agree—
Young men quite romantic, quite learn'd in their way,
Sedate, philosophic, bold, gallant and gay;
Well renown'd for their breeding, their love to the fair,
Which of course gives their manners due polish and air,
What you townfolks admire in each dandy so neat,
Who parades all day long up and down the gay street.
Hence you see, cousin John, between country and town,
Small odds do exist in the modes that go down;
We've the same notions here, fashions, dress, and so forth,
With the sweetest of girls to be seen in the north;
Some for coquetry famed—though but few can you see
Of this class—some for drinking whole oceans of tea,

A liquid right lady-like, pleasant and sweet,
Well suiting the sex with a round *tete-a-tete*,
Half witty, half silly, half truth and half lies,
Interspers'd with enigmas and sprightly replies.

Well, it happen'd one gemman of public renown—
A famed teacher of youth in the midst of our town—
To a tea-drinking lately five nymphs did invite,
In a circular letter, neat writ and polite,
To sip—so he wrote—half a cup of Bohea;
For the ladies he knew were all partial to tea.

But say, muse, the name of each vestal so bright,
That sipp'd his fine Hyson and smiled on our knight:
First the three Misses Rose, than the lily more fair,
With tippets of beaver and nicely trimm'd hair;
For wit, song, and sentiment bearing the bell,
For beauty more lovely than poet can tell,
A trio of loveliness, fashion, and grace,
In rich satin dresses and Brussels best lace.
Next in role was the pretty, the fairy Miss Bee,
With a smile so divine 'twas worth something to see,
In symmetry, beauty, *sans* pet and *sans* freak,
I could gaze on her form seven days in a week.
Then the smirking Miss Sparkle, whom, truth to declare,
I would tremble to meet in the summer night air,
So playful, so feminine, void of all pet,
You'd have thought her a cherub, the mincing coquette.

Profusion of teas graced the sideboard all round—
Of black there was Congou, the best to be found,
And likewise Souchong, of more delicate smatch,
With bloom-bearing Pekoe, the best of the batch,
And Caper-Souchong too, a hard gritty tea,
But for roughness of flavour the best one can *pree*.
Of green there was Twankay, a large-looking kind,
With Hyson and Gunpowder, more to your mind;

All these in great plenty stood temptingly round,
From eight to twelve shillings, and upwards per pound.
Lump sugar so white you had thought, in a trice,
That each knob was a pearl of most infinite price,
So sparkling its grain, so transcendent in hue,
As it stood on the table exposed to full view.

Now approach'd the tea hour when our bachelor knight,
As the head of the party, with bow most polite,
Entreated each nymph to be seated at table,
The honours of which, tho' the task quite unable,
Devolved on himself, much against his own will,
But he pray'd his fair guests might excuse ought of ill.

The ladies look'd 'Yes' with the sweetest of eyes,
And, seated, extoll'd his good tea to the skies;
So agreeable in flavour—O dear what a treat,
Neither colour'd too highly, too strong nor too sweet!
Pray where was it bought? what delightful fine tea,
Like a cordial so good! was it green or Bohea?
Then the toast ate so crisp—'By your leave, sir, I pray,
'Will you hand the plate round with the toast on't this way.'

'Dear ladies, make free,' cried our swain, with an air,
As he handed the plate to each damsel so fair;
'Dear ladies, make free,—shall I help you to toast,
'Or the spice or the plain bread, or what like you most?'
Then again and again went the beverage round,
And the toast to their liking most fitting was found;
Thus platefuls of toast, with fresh butter made nice,
Independent of 'wigs,' disappear'd in a trice,
Whilst the urgent demand from the ladies for toast,
For awhile put to stand all the wit of mine host!

Thus the time 'mid the drinking of tea pass'd away,
The eating of toast and the news of the day;
Of fashions they chatted, the latest from France,
Of cards and quadrilles, of the waltz and the dance,

Of the late newly-married—a hint to our swain—
And then they return'd to the fashions again.
At a venture our knight spoke of problems abstruse—
Of genius full often the fatal abuse,—
Of Euclid, triangles, the classics of yore,
Of Virgil, of Ovid, and many bards more;
Of languages living and dead prated much—
The Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Low Dutch,
The French and the Spanish, the German and Swiss,
To the perfect annoyance of each blushing miss,
Who could well have dispensed, one and all, with his lore,
Dan Euclid and Messrs. the Classics of yore,
With triangles and signs and a dozen things more.

Yet our ladies, all volatile, managed right well
Some sprightly old tale or love story to tell;
Even famed Cinderella, Dame Trot and her cat,
With the like, all came in for a share of chit-chat;
While their smiles to each tale gave additional grace,
As the wily-eyed loves lurk'd in each pretty face,
And, disporting 'neath ringlets of flaxen and brown,
Fairly spell-bound our host as the tea he gulp'd down.
For though bold and courageous as ever young swain
That smiled on a lady, or wielded a cane,
Yet a glance from the glare of that galaxy bright,
Like a poignard of steel, deeply wounded our knight.

Now, tea fairly over, each frolicsome *belle*,
In the heyday of rapture, our learned young swell
Most pressingly call'd on her ear to enchant
With a tune on the fiddle,—'he must be gallant.'
Then the table was eased of its burden of tea,
And our knight of the garment strummed out tweedle-dee,
As a prelude to 'Jessie,' which air he played well,
And set off with *eclat* to famed 'Barbara Bell.'
Next the waltz being proposed, 'twas agreed on by all,
And the chairs and the sofa set close by the wall,

That the room thus enlarged more commodious might be,
And adapted to waltzing to settle their tea.

But here could my prowess depict each bright form
In the waltz' mazy figures, in rapture's full storm,
How her charms, all in shade at the table before,
She displays with effect, tripping sylph-like the floor,
How her graces appear, unconcerned to conceal,—
'Twere an etching of beauties the stones to make feel.
Our knight as he fiddled these beauties all eyed,
Soul-entranced at the vision, and inwardly sighed.

Thus you see, my dear cousin, time glided away,
Amid airs from the fiddle soft, sprightly, and gay;
Long echoed the roof to the tread of fair heels;
In waltzes alternate and light Highland reels,
Till at length from our swain his fair party withdrew,
And he felt himself somewhat—he could not tell how.

Little Girl and her Papa.

Papa, what is the sun made of?
I should so like to know,
For William said it was a world
That round about did go;
But what could turn a world about,
I should so like to know?

And then he said the stars were worlds,
But this can never be,
They are so small, and not like ours,
With so much land and sea;
I think he must be telling fibs—
A naughty boy is he.

One day he found a rounded stone
  Down by the salt sea-shore,
He said it must be—O how old!
  A thousand years and more;
Do stones then live a thousand years?
  Grandfather's not fourscore.

He said the earth was full of fire,
  At school he read the same;
That mountains in the ice and snow
  Were blazing out a flame;
But sure this cannot—cannot be,
  The ice among the flame.

PAPA.

My dear, 'tis God who dwells above
  That made the stars and sun,
And he it is who orders all
  Their courses as they run;
They all are worlds like this of ours,
  And peopled, every one.

You wonder at his mighty skill?
  The God that made a fly
Can easily create a world,
  And fix it up on high,
Away so far it seems a star
  To every gazing eye.

Smooth pretty stones roll in the deep,
  But not alive are these;
And fiery mountains sailors meet
  Far in the icy seas;
All, all are wonders round about—
  Yourself as well as these.

Epigram on a certain Suicide at Sunderland.

Poor Bobby, worth at least a quarter plum,
Thought to the workhouse he at last would come;
So to prevent this sad calamity
Himself he hanged—oh, dire catastrophe!
Yet mourn not Bobby in the clay-cold grave—
He never had a soul to lose or save.

The Parson and the Plate.

Of late in Pensher's township famed
Occurr'd a worthy deed,
Which all shall hear in ditty named,
Who take the pains to read.

A priest of rather aspect grave,
And stricken well in years,
Had walk'd the road of moral good,
With few or no compeers.

Full well he knew when Christmas came,
And Easter-tide likewise,
And all the saints he knew by name,
Their features, age, and size.

Deep versed he was in classic lore,
Of orthodoxy sound;
A harmless name the good man bore,
A mile the country round.

If any person, near to die,
Just sent his aid to sue,
With book in hand, he straight would hie,
And read the service through.

At churchings, weddings, who but he
In duty first alway?
It fill'd your heart with extacy
To hear him preach or pray.

Thus forty years his course he ran
With unabated zeal;
So now his pious flock began
Their gratitude to seal,

By one small act of love sincere,
In buying for his use
A course of plate of massive weight,
To grace the good man's house.—

Besides, a gown of ample size,
His portly form to hold,
To deck at church his shoulders broad,
And screen him from the cold.

So now a dinner crowns the scene,
In order to present
These tokens of the flock's esteem,
And grace the rare event.

An able scribe that day fulfill'd
The honours of the chair;
For who more fit or better skill'd,
In all the medley there?

And Ralph was there, of groans and qualms,
With Mark the foundry-man;
And Thomas, he that raises psalms,
Who music knows to scan.

And William, of the early lambs,
Of sheep and beeves likewise;
A wight, though short, of heavy hams,
Like Kyloe ox in size.

It here boots little to narrate
How many a knife and fork
Deep scores indented on each plate,
So earnest at their work.

Few at that feast had studied much
The etiquette of dining:
Too dry a study this for such,
In neighbourhoods coal-mining.

Now dinner o'er, up rose the Pres.,
And made a smart harangue,
The while he gave, with much address,
The plate and gown we sang.

Whereat the reverend curate good
To thank them made essay,
But what the words few understood,
His speech had small display.

Then afterwards the wine flew round—
But first in came the host
To ask 'if things their liking found,
'Pie, pudding, fowl, and roast?'

To which the Pres. replied they were
All good—roast, pudding, pie;
And each one did the same declare,
Their host to satisfy.

Then flew the wine and brandy round
Till all look'd flush'd in face;
And many spoke—brave hearts of oak—
With tongues that wagg'd apace.

Coal, quarries, Seaham Harbour too,
In converse took their turn,
With inclined planes, till all was blue,
Laid out by Barley-Corn.

Fat William, he who butchers sheep—
It grieves my heart full sore—
All of a sudden fell asleep,
Down-sliding on the floor.

Some one declared he knew full well
'How many beans made five;'
He would not there put out his *love*
For any soul alive.

Thereat contention high arose,
And discord fill'd the house;
The passers-by might well suppose
All Bedlam broken loose.

Some spill the ale, some spill the wine,
Some empty others' glasses;
Whilst many in their seats recline,
Stone-dead to all that passes.

And those who keep in better trim,
Right loudly rave and stammer,
And much bemaul, both one and all,
Orthoepy and grammar.

While sundry tongues at once are heard
To wag as fast as able,
So fierce, they seem'd, with one accord,
The workmen building Babel.

Thus did they reason's bounds outrun,
And raise a mighty stir,
Till half at least who graced the feast
Lay up and down the floor.

On Quitting our Old House by Wear-side.

Oh! cruel lust of gold that robs the innocent of home,
That sends the unoffending forth around the world to roam!
My loved ancestral house it was, and garden of the best,
In which we all were happy long, nor dreaded coming pest
Of inroad on the manor fair,
To force us from our home.

It was a noble stately house, 'one of the olden time,'
It was an ancient garden too, and kept in order prime;
My bees were there, and day by day I watch'd the busy throng
Come laden with the waxen sweets, and joy'd to hear their song,
As off they flew, with merry hum,
To bring more treasure home.

The fruits beneath my tending hand to ripen were not slow,
No weed whatever suffer'd there among the flowers to grow;
And peaches mellow on the wall my labour would repay,
Which seldom we ourselves partook, but gave to friends away,
Who came to visit us sometimes,
And spend an hour at home.

The poplar trees before the door I planted them with care,
With evergreens and shrubs in store, and yearly pruned my pear—
That jargonelle* of giant size, of flavour pure and fine—
It cover'd all the dwelling-house, this favourite tree of mine—
An ornament and grace to all
Our sire and grandsire's home.

Here were we happy—happy long, till tidings reach'd the place
That all the tenantry must quit—a sad and heartless case!
And although fourscore years we held the house and garden good,
No pity moved the squire's resolve, but go we must and should,
Ejecting us by force, wellnigh,
From our ancestral home.

The tree alluded to covered 700 square feet of wall: the largest of its kind, I believe, in the north of England.

The place is now a ruined place, ungentle men are there;
Rude tenants occupy the house so stately once and fair;
My poplar trees have disappear'd, the coal-pit smoke has done
Its work upon the ivy plants and privets everyone—
O! 'tis a wreck they tell me now,
That olden house at home.

And in the crowd I gaze around, a solitary man,
A recluse in society, matureless as to plan;
I cannot think of anything, as through the world I roam,
Save that old fashion'd dwelling-house and garden fair at home.
O! they have left me desolate,
A wanderer to roam,
No more to see the old pear-tree
That clung around sweet home.

Christ's Advent.

Chill was the eve in old Judea's clime,
The many twinkling stars that overhead
Shot raylets down, their hallow'd influence shed
On lonely traveller at night's high prime.

No lodging in the crowded inn that night;
A virgin to the stable wends her way,
(Marvel, O earth!) and to the friendly hay
Betakes herself, in nature's trying plight.

Angels attest the advent, as they sing
'Glory to God; and on the earth be peace,
'Goodwill to men;' Henceforth let love increase,
For Christ is come, our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Kneel we in reverence as the happy day
Returns, attesting to the vast event,
When from on high a Saviour-God is sent,
The Babe of Bethlehem, cradled among hay.

Let no unseemly mirth debase our love,
That lowly babe our now exalted King,
Mighty to save, and us to glory bring
Who bear His cross, and ever faithful prove.

Death has no terror to the Christian; he
Is void of fear and ever presses on—
The horrors of the grave to him are gone,
Christ and the Christian one unitedly.

My Wants.

More and more like the Lord
I fain myself would find;
More of that heavenly mind
In thought, in act, in word.

I need to be complete
In all His holy will,
His pleasure to fulfil,
And follow at His feet.

Less and less pride I need,
My thought on self is cast—
The first concern and last—
The world and self my creed.

O for a purer mind,
To God all consecrate!
To serve Him soon and late,
His promised grace to find!

How poor the world to this,
Its treasures and its toys;
The soul in God enjoys
On earth extatic bliss.

It feeds on angels' food,
Sweet manna from on high—
A foretaste of the sky,
Angels its brotherhood.

O! to be free of stain—
Pride, lust, each mortal sin,
That I at last may win
A crown, the Christian's gain.

'Thy Will be Done.'

When in affliction's trying hour—
For who the common lot can shun?—
Be Thou my portion and my dower—
'Thy will be done!'

If pain and sickness blanch my frame,
And from mine eyes salt sorrows run,
In grief, in anguish, sorrow, shame,
'Thy will be done!'

If, in the cause of right and truth,
A cell remote from star and sun
My portion be, in age or youth,—
'Thy will be done!'

At lack of dross do I repine,
And envy those who wealth have won,
Who bow to state at Mammon's shrine?
'Thy will be done!'

Denied on earth a house or shed,
Oh! let me think on Mary's son
Who had not where to lay His head—
'Thy will be one!'

When friends once cherish'd—trusted long,
In after-time our foes become,
And joy is sear'd and hope is gone—
'Thy will be done!'

Should father, mother, children, wife,
Forsake and leave thy servant lone,
Take all—health, kindred, reason, life—
'Thy will be done!'

Where Christ is Found.

Who would resort where Christ is not?
He is not in the rabble throng
Where clamour reigns, both loud and long,
His mild injunction all forgot
To put on meekness, serve the rest,
Who would be greatest and the best.

The Saviour takes not up His stay
Where men, with treachery and art,
Assemble in exchange or mart,
To wrong their fellows and betray,
Forgetful—'As ye would that men
'Should do to you, so do again.'

He is not in the sinner's seat;
From wicked haunts He holds aloof,
And those corrects with sharp reproofs
Who lie and swear, who steal and cheat.
The lowly heart is His abode,
A tabernacle meet for God.

Psalm xxiii.

(AFTER THE OLDEN WRITERS.)

The Lord my shepherd is most high,
  Who trust in Him shall stand;
I shall not lack a present aid
  Upholden in Thy hand.

He me constrains in pastures green
  To lie in perfect peace;
Then leads me forth where cooling rills
  My comforts do increase.

My downcast soul He quick restores,
  That burnt a languid flame;
He leads me forth in righteousness
  For sake of His great name.

Yea, though I walk the valley through
  Of death's fell shadow, I
Will fear no evil—there art Thou,
  Thy rod and staff are by.

A table Thou before my foes
  Preparest in their sight;
Thou dost anoint my head with oil,
  My cup runs over quite.

Sure goodness vast and mercy shall
  Go with me all my days;
Then will I dwell forever in
  God's house His name to praise.

Psalm cxxxvii.

BY BABEL'S STREAMS.

By Babel's streams we sat us down,
In sadness and alone;
On willow trees our harps we hung,
And made for Zion moan:
For they who brought us captive thence
Required of us a song,
But how shall we thus aim to sing
Our heathen foes among.

If I forget Jerusalem,
Oh may this hand forget
Its cunning! and this tongue of mine
Within my mouth be set!
Remember, Lord, the Edomite,
In Salem's hapless day
Who would have razed her to the earth,
Her tribes in sore dismay.

Oh! daughter of great Babylon,
In grief who soon shalt be,
Thy lot destruction to the full,
No help for thine and thee;—
Blest be the man who works thee woe,
Amid thy tears and groans,
Who takes thy children in his arms
And dashes them on stones!

Epitaph on a Young Wife, who Died in Child-bed.

Beneath this mound, secure from nature's strife,
Reclines the youthful mother and the wife,
In sure and certain hopes again to rise
And join her babe, long parted, in the skies.
Patient she bore affliction's trying hour—
Fair was the rose, but blighted in an hour;
Unblamed she life's uncertain journey trod,
Lamented died—her hope and comfort God.

To a Lady on her Intended Marriage.

At first in Eden's fair retreat
Dwelt man with no companion meet;
His bliss, alas! then incomplete,
So Eve was given, a helpmate meet,
To grace the garden, tend the flowers,
And cheer him through the sultry hours;
To add her lustre to the scene,
Creation's boast, and Eden's queen.

The case was thus:—One afternoon,
Reclined on couch of mossy down,
Deep sleep on Adam by surprise
His senses stole, and seal'd his eyes.
No dream his quiet nap molests,
No angel form his thought infests,
Nor demon there appear'd array'd
In livid flame or spectral shade;
But, waking soft, he straight beheld
A form for which his bosom swell'd;
For, bending by his couch, was seen
A thing of more than mortal mien,

So heavenly pure, so heavenly bright,
It seem'd a form of limpid light
Shot down within the garden fair—
A sylph to tend each rosebud there.

Thus heaven from Adam's manly side
Produced a blooming beauteous bride.
The day roll'd on in heedless haste,
The night flew o'er in pastime chaste;
No sigh was heard but that of love
Responsive to the turtle-dove;
No sorrow veil'd their brow with care,
For all was bliss and gladness there,—
A life of joy, a sense of ease,
Of lasting joy and lasting peace.
So happy virgin, beauteous maid,
So be thy love like Eve's repaid;
The scene be Eden's blissful bowers,
In lasting joy be spent the hours;—
Thy favour'd swain both young and fair,
Of manly heart and graceful air,
With all that woman most desires
To meet of love the tender fires.

For ever dwell from ill secure,
From malice' frown and envy's power,
From jealousy's consuming fate,
From canker'd spleen, envenom'd hate.
Thy lot be Eve's, without her fall
From Eden, prudence, virtue, all;
Each olive-branch, or girl or boy,
A perfect blessing and a joy.

The Blanket Seller.

He said his blankets cost him more by half—
He could not—would not take so low a price;
Wool lately had advanc'd—at Durham fair
He sold the like for twenty-six and sixpence,
He could not stand with her, but one pound one
Was not too much for blankets such as these,
An article of texture firm and good,
And wool of such superior quality—
He never offer'd blankets at the price.

Twelve shillings;—'twas a mighty sum indeed—
He had not found, he had stolen his blankets;
What said she? did she offer more than this?
Bid something like a buyer—the odd shilling
He might abate, and take the even twenty;
She'd bought of him before—might buy again,
Come, say a price or let him travel on.

Twelve shillings, no! he could not take the offer
She might as well a penny bid. And off
The peather went, but presently return'd,
And took the money for—another pair!

To the Emperor of China.

WRITTEN AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRST CHINESE WAR.

Is it the case or not, Celestial Sir,
That you've denied us, occidentals, tea?
What is the dire occasion? *Think* before
You plunge Great Britain deep in misery;
Think, mighty Sire, what havoc you commit—
The ladies never can get over it.

Is, then, the empire of Congou and Hyson
  Thus fallen before burnt Berbice and Mocha?
Souchong and Twankay we'll no more clap eyes on,
  But skyblue milk and nasty greasy cocoa;
What has the Melbourne Government been doing,
To place the nation thus on verge of ruin?

Our stomachs now have long familiar been
  With 'cup that cheers but not inebriates,'
And Howqua one had better never seen;
  Reflect, Sire, on our loss, as thus the gates
Of commerce you so recklessly are closing—
And then consider what *yourselves* are losing.

Minus your revenue in candarines,
  In maces and in tales,—what must be done
The loss to remedy? Your mandarines
  For policy like this your ears will stun,
And daily such unwise, ungallant bearing
Repeat in all the Chinese ladies' hearing.

You cannot be aware of half the ill
  You thus are brewing the celestial state;
Is war your object? Bless you, we can kill
  All your three hundred millions at the rate
Of sixty in a minute by steam power—
Three thousand and six hundred souls per hour.

The arts are far advanc'd in Britain, Sire,
  Have you not heard of Stephenson or Watt?
Our engines, railroads, tunnels, all admire,
  We've each thing patent, from a beaver hat
To a shoe-tie.—Barbarians none are we,—
An arch barbarian thou, to stop our tea.

We cannot now mouth meal as once we did,
  In shape of porridge or of thinner gruel;
To brewing we a long adieu have bid,

Barley so dear—the tax on malt so cruel;
Besides, to make of ale a morning meal,
What twinges would the intestines not feel.

Drank ale and munch'd her beef our good Queen Bess
For breakfast, but the age was less refined;
Victoria and her consort, whom Heaven bless,
Are for repast less masculine designed,—
Do think of our good Queen and modest Albert,
Great Fee-foo-fum! or you deserve a halbert.

You point to Assam?—Did you ever read
Of Crusoe—or my simile's of no use—
Who on lone island sow'd a little seed,
And reap'd and sow'd and sow'd and reap'd the produce,
Not tasting all the while? Just so will we
Toil on for years in Assam growing tea.

What will the planters say about their sweets?
If tea's refused they won't grow sugar cane,
Nor can we give at all our public treats
Ships, colonies, and commerce e'er again;
Our potteries, *yours*, will suffer too, as we
Will have small need of cups deprived of tea.

Reflect then, Sire Celestial! on the case—
Don't let your choler be both nations' bane;
Let suns and stars before you hide their face,
Drag all the constellations in your train,
But grant us tea, and stay our anxious fears—
So may you live in peace a thousand years.

To Jessie, on her Presenting me with a Lock of her Hair.

I took thy ringlet, Jessie fair,
Of auburn hue so sheen,
And thought a lock of Jessie's hair
Sure pledge of her esteem.

For bauble locks, however small,
Presented in affection,
Act like a *billet-doux* or ball,
Auxiliary to connection.

But this next morning when I spied—
More circumspect my care—
Avaunt! thou sordid wile, I cried,
Nor lure me with a hair.

Then rising straight, with knitted brow,
And deep-fomenting ire,
Thy pretty look of auburn hue
I threw into the fire.

To Mr. James Oliver, Teusher.

DEAR SIR,

'Tis Sabbath night and all
The atmosphere a starless pall;
The globe Miss Luna shines not on it,
Nor can be noticed Halley's comet,
With tail of wondrous length and power,
That, whisking round, in half an hour
Might pound our planet into sand,
And work a Reformation grand.
For Canning, Wellington, and Grey,
We much opine mistook the way;
And, following on, our present Melbourne,
With other ministers most well-born,
Improve not still the sickly State,
But give us half Reforms too late.

I say 'tis night, and like a log
On parlour hearthrug lies my dog;

The glowing coal burns passing brightly,
Fire irons ranged in order sightly,
And I set down, as best I'm able,
To pen a line to Pensher Stable.

I learn with pleasure you've got through
'The charming Mary Montague,'
And think on her your faithful strictures
Are of your candour perfect pictures.
Of all the ladies one has read,
She seems the most acute—well-bred;
And if she now and then be seen
To dazzle, a Corinthian queen,
We must consider, first, her face,
And, next, occasion, time, and place,
All which methinks will change the case,
And shew her in her native grace.
Few women of imagination
In Lady M.'s exalted station
Could write at all, so long since too,
Like Mary Wortley Montague;
And Pope himself, contemporary,
Votes wit and beauty both to Mary.
(Note, this was after that he swore
And call'd our Sappho b—h and—more.)

In those days ladies seldom rack'd
Their wit to danger of being crack'd;
The hoop, the boddice, high-heel'd shoe,
Created work for each to do;
Whilst tea, at that day rarely seen,
Like cogniac, chased afar the spleen.
But now we've tome-inditing ladies
In London, Paris, Brussels, Cadiz,
Who spin love novels and weave sonnets,
Neglectful of their hose and bonnets;

Who Latin smatter and speak Greek,
'As naturally as pigs squeak;'
Possessing all exalted notions,
High sentiment and strong emotions,
Engender'd by divine afflatus,
And given to the darlings *gratis*,
To raise poor man from evil plight
And fix him at his proper height.
As though the gods to mend our Fall—
The frail one, woman, cause of all—
Had these commission'd, one and all,
To raise us from the selfsame Fall,
And demonstrate to sons of Adam
If once we *fell* we *rise* by Madam.

But thou, James, keep a sharp look out,
Nor cullied be like roach or trout,
By every sentimental fly
Thrown forth to lure thy magic eye;
Such women do not 'port with truth,
The plague of age, the bane of youth.
O, shun each female snare and art
To captivate thy guileless heart,
That often leads youth, hot pursuing,
Like *ignus fatuus*, to their ruin.

To my Wife at Manchester.

Dear Anna,—For in poetry this sound
Is better far than Ann, or Nan, or Nancy,
And much more scholarly—I'm glad you found
Leisure at length to exercise your fancy
On a poor desolate forsaken wight,—
But write more fully, ma'am, when next you write.

You can't think how I truly abs*o*nate
All brief epistles, or from man or woman,
Especially at distance separate—
A fault good husbands must decry in common;
You don't say how you spend your time and *tin*,
Whether you gad abroad, or keep within.

I do insist on your producing me
A journal of your doings, day by day,
In Manchester and its vicinity,
What time your ladyship remains away;
I don't like town for woman, town or city,
There's nothing like the country, *green* and pretty.

I guess this Manchester, the monster town,
Is full of spinning jennies, axles, wheels,
Pullies and lifts to hoist bales up and down—
Mind when you walk the streets your heads and heels.
'Tis said they never see the sun for days,
Because the cotton flakes obstruct his rays.

To-day I've been at Sunderland, (to-day,
Friday, the twentieth of the month September,
Last letter I forgot to date you say—
So here you've day and date, now pray remember).
They say the Whites, once men of sterling metal,
Have made of all their fish a pretty kettle.

That is, to be herein particular,
They're bankrupts all, or will be in a twink,
Not worth a clouted shoe or broken jar;
No funds to meet their paper, stamps, and ink.
Robert Moon Watson, too, is in for it,
Having lost thousands five in Croxdale Pit.

You've seen a pile of bricks set up on end
By children? Well, the first one canted over,
Down goes the pile entire! And so 'twill tend—

One failure is the cause of many other;
For number one hits two, two three, four—all,
(This simile is quite original.)

How many lions have you seen and heard,
In Manchester or Broughton, upper, nether,
Or central as the place may be? I'm feard
(Feard!) that you don't stir out this charming weather;
The flowers with us are springing forth amain,
And corpses (almost) rising up again.

To chapel or to church to go be sure—
Have you heard Newton yet, the Wesleyan gun?
A man of grace and eloquence most pure.—
But love to all, for now my paper's done;
Write speedily a nice long rhyming letter—
Is Mr Hardy getting any better?

A Puff for Foyer, the Hatter, Newcastle.

Goot morning, tear Vittoria! now don't you tink I shine
A leetle more dan usual, in dis new superfine?
I cot it yesterday by train from dat Newcastle town,
It fits de head more better far den does your royal crown.
See Foyer's name from Paris, at de bottom labell'd fair;
Do urge de court to buy of him, no hats so goot elsewhere.
Wid waterproofs and superfines for ebery wind and wedder—
I've order'd for de Prince of Wales a beaver hat and fedder.

Then with a smile our lady Vic., she tugg'd the castor thence
From off the head of Albert, prince, and with good queenly sense
Applauded much her consort's choice, and orders gave thereon,
The Household Lords and Privy Council each to order one.

'Go,' said the Queen, 'to Foyer's shop, the lion of the north,
'Go, prove your taste and patronize my favour'd hatter's worth;
'Your lordships cannot find a mart in all my empire round,
'Where hats like his in texture fair and quality abound.'

Next train a messenger arrived.—In scores the boxes flew
From Grey Street to St. James' Court, to Windsor, and to Kew.

My Needs.

What need I most? A heart from malice free,
From grosser sins, from infidelity,
Changed by the Spirit, sanctified, refined;
I need the love of Christ with all His mind,
A firm resolve, unchanging with the hour,
With holy, heavenly thoughts, affections pure;
An understanding clear to scan His will,
And judgment to select with care and skill;
Healthy and fruitful, that my life may be
Of Christ Himself a fair epitome.

O soul of mine! thou need'st to be renew'd
From earth and its attachments, poor and rude.

Religious Triplets.

We ever need the power to pray,
At early dawn or ending day,
In quiet home or far away.

For Satan still hath skill refined
With subtile power the soul to bind,
The foeman he of all mankind.

We need to watch, with heedful art,
The motions of a sinful heart,
That it aright do act its part.

Then every passion must be still,
In due subjection to God's will,
Whose holy law must all fulfil.

Pride, envy, malice, rancour, hate,
Comport not with the Christian state—
With minds and tempers new create.

Whilst words unkindly utter'd, show
The heart estranged to good, and slow
Perfection's fulness all to know.

Gold, glory, fame, O what be ye?
Phantoms athwart eternity—
Fell phantoms tempting thee and me.

Hence world, vain world of sin and strife!
Thy joys with sorrows all are rife—
Thy purest bliss, how short its life!

No peace can with the sinner dwell;
Though he would cloak the matter well,
His conscience is a gnawing hell.

In life the righteous hath a sign
To cheer him on (in worth a mine)
Through earthly gloom to heaven's sunshine.

O, let me combat each vile lust,
The spirit's sword should never rust—
Up! up! lay all thy foes in dust.

To Mrs. ——, at Church.

Lady! whene'er thy stately mien
I view with raptured eyes,
My soul is borne in bliss supreme
To love's high paradise.
Such grace might capture hearts of stone,
Each virtue fair to see;
The man must worship one alone
Who gazes oft on thee.

Address of a Letter to my Beloved Daughter.

Good post, with care and certainty,
This letter we require
Despatch'd to Mrs. Eckersley
Of Fleetwood, Lancashire.

For a Mother's Tombstone.

In peace a tender mother here is laid,
Who life's appointed days her span had run,
Heaven her high hope, through David's Lord and Son,
For sin the sacrifice and offering made.

Faith and firm trust in Jesus she possess'd,
Tho' pain and suffering were her later lot;
That faith and hope in sorrow fail'd her not—
She long'd to be with Jesus, and at rest.

One whom she loved with all a mother's love,
In mute affection raises this poor stone,
A pilgrim in life's wilderness—alone,
Till reunited in that world above.

Thanks for Genial Weather after a Harsh Spring.

Thanks to the Lord for the bright sunshine,
That gladdens the nation—a blessing benign!
The poor man's fears have been on the alert,
Now there's bread in the valley, there's joy in his heart;
And God is adored by the labouring swain
For clothing the smiling land with grain.
Incense is wafted on every breeze,
From food-laden fields and fruit-bearing trees;
There is love in the sky to all around,
In the ether above, on the lowly ground;
There is gratitude felt by the nations all—
'The corn is abundant, the prices will fall!'
The poor, though much straiten'd, may never repine—
O thanks to the Lord for the blest sunshine!

Fast Men, Take a Moral from me.

Young Caroline loved me as life—
A beautiful blue-stocking maid—
She knew I had money and land,
And good expectations, all said;
I'd a phaeton, racers a pair—
Sweet Betsey she made a dead set;
My name and my villa to share,
Pretty Hannah was all in a sweat.

But riches took wings, flew away,
My land was announced to be sold;
My phaeton soon follow'd suit,
And the racers ran after the gold:

O! where was young Caroline then?
Sweet Betsey, the mincing coquette?
And Hannah,—with more nine or ten—
Each damsel that made a dead set?

One married the Curate, in spite;
To a lawyer another was wed;
Poor Betsey, she died an old maid,
And Hannah went wrong of her head.
I offer'd all round—but alas,
Each maiden was cold as could be;
They call'd me a spendthrift and ass—
Fast men, take a moral from me.

Epigram on a Blue-Stocking Lady who Managed a Brewery.

Cease, fair one, longer to constrain
The Nine of Attic sauce and salt;
Go, follow in her lowly train,
The Muse of barrels, hops and malt.

Midnight Reflections.

Amid yon blue o'erarching vault on high,
Self-poised in ether through the twinkling sky,
Ten thousand stars upon their axes roll,
Ten thousand leagues beyond each earthly pole,
With comets bursting on the ravish'd sight,
Then sudden merging in primeval night.
These harmonizing in their spheres assign'd,
With planets in fraternal compact join'd,

With friendly influence compose a whole,
Each aiding each towards its fancied goal;
By force attracted and by force repell'd,
In mutual harmony are all upheld,
And God amidst His work supremely sees
The vast machine of worlds, and smiles at ease,—
Directing each, and instant at his call
Suns, systems, planets, satellites and all.

O, man! what theme for praise, and wonder too,
The God who thus reveals His power to view
The sun that rules our system day by day
But lights his lamp at Glory's matchless ray;
Yon stars that with unblemish'd lustre shine,
Are faint resemblance of His power divine,
And wandering comets from creation's bound
Proclaim His might to wondering worlds around.
'Tis heaven to work His will who gave them light,
And call'd each system from a rayless night.

Bless God, ye saints, ye mortals bless his name!
His praise, thou earth, with all thy might proclaim;
Eternal love like His for ever bless,
The alpha, end, of all our happiness.
Yet says the fool who mocks the Primal Cause,
Creation sprang from chance's medley laws;
Atom to atom through the chaos hurl'd,
First met in space, and growing form'd a world.
O wretch! devoid alike of faith and sense,
In error fallen and in impotence;—
How could these particles through space advance—
Is matter God then, or is motion chance?
How came these atoms into action? say,
Was each a God to know its proper way?
Or had they instinct each, or reason given,
To form themselves the beauteous lamps of heaven?

Why simultaneous rush not each and all,
And instantaneous form one concrete ball?
'Twere far more like the larger should decide
And force the smaller atom to its side,
Till this increasing, limitless in bound,
Had gain'd the minor matter all around.

Others, as far in speculation gone,
The sun and planets hold erewhile were one,
Till by some sudden jerk the planets flew
From off his disk, the yielding ether through,—
Some dire convulsion drove them far away,
Where round their parent, distant still, they play.
So kids, when spring her vernal livery gains,
Disporting round their dams in meads and plains,
Circling their path, in mazy frolic play,
From morn till eve the livelong sunny day.

But dark the thought, the subject none can know;
Of God's deep works each question vague forego.
Of bliss hereafter 'twill be no small part
To scan the secrets of His ruling art;
To learn above what 'scaped our science here,
Each weight, spring, lever, of the ponderous sphere—
How all originated, all depend,
The art, the impulse, cause, design and end.

Like those fair stars that stud this concave fine,
So, mortal, let thy private virtues shine;
In darkest hour they but the brighter glow,
Like good men's deeds in scenes of human woe.
See how they course their active duties through,
And ni htly shine above, serene to view.
So like yon sky thy virtues all should shine,
Thy life a guide star, beaming, pure, benign,
Till death re ease thee from a world of woe
Where misery reigns, and man to man's a foe.

Here might enquiry put the question free—
Are joy and sorrow there in like degree
Throughout those orbs that wheel the Zodiac round,
From Mercury's small to Neptune's ample bound?
Is being there less bless'd than here we find?
Or more secure from pain of frame or mind?
Less strong, less sensitive, less pure, or more?
What finite can this labyrinth explore!
He whose quick eye the goodly fabric sees,
Whose arm supports, disposes all with ease;
Can turn Hyperion's rays, or these withhold,
And curb or change the powers of heat and cold,—
Can constitute the creature to his will,
Each high design, each motive to fulfil.

O mortal man, thou microcosm true,
Thyself a wonder in creation's view!
Who shall resolve to satisfy thy mind,
Secrete, mysterious, restless, unconfined?
'This longing thought, this infinite desire,'
Reveals within some spark of purer fire;—
Suggests the source that wisdom's well supplies,
Its fountain-head beyond the arching skies.
All hail the time when, free from doubt and care,
My ransom'd soul shall rest securely there!
When I who here life's troublous journey trod,
Shall wake at once to glory and to God!

November.

He visits the earth in mist,
Thick mist and drizzly rain;
He covers the hill from sight at will,
And creeps over all the plain,—
His visage you see wherever you be,
On land or stormy main.

A mantle of grey he wears,
Unvaried all the day;
When Sol would blink through cranny or chink,
He scares him quite away;
The stars you behold look faint and cold
Beneath his sombre sway.

He ruleth the ocean main,
While fleets pass to and fro
O'er the giant wave, the mariner's grave,
Where the storm and tempest blow;
Prompting the ire of Neptune dire
To work sad overthrow.

Ah me, the sorrow and wail!
The gloomy month, 'tis said,
When people half mad, predicament sad,
Go fairly out of their head;
And, shocking to say, jump into the bay,
Or hang themselves instead!

I sit in the house and sigh,
The family none come near,
Some lying a-bed of pains in the head,
Or tooth-ache more severe;
My room full of smoke, I nearly choke,
No family compact here.

The Muse is fickle to woo;
Spondee and dactyl chime
No more together this dreary weather—
I cannot get on with rhyme.
A bard would make a sorry mistake
To write this sorrowful time.

I reach down fiddle and bow,
In hope to drive the *blues*
Away from my cot, to mend my lot,
But fiddle and bow refuse;
Then the 'Times' at hand, I take my stand,
And read the national news.

Hey for the daizied May!
  Hey for the cowslipp'd June!
The primrose pale on hillock, in dale,
  And songbirds all in tune!
Or the time when corn is homewards borne
  Beneath the harvest moon!

Epitaph on Martha Allerdise.

Hic jacet, Martha Allerdise,—
  (She lived at Felling Shore)—
Who in this life a liar was,
  Scold, hypocrite, and—more;
O happy change! now peace prevails
  Where mischief reign'd before.

Sacred Pen-droppings.

'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'

A weary pilgrim on the way
  To heaven, my native home,
O! what is here to court my stay,
  Or cheer me as I roam?
The world would fain my course arrest,
And draw me from the Saviour's breast.

Sighing and tears pervade the earth,
  With pain and grief o'er all,
While misadventures from his birth,
  Man's wretchedness forestal;
His hope on nothing here relies,—
His home and treasure in the skies.

O, for a steady eye to view
The Canaan faith can see!
To pierce the lengthen'd vista through
That joins eternity!
Vouchsafe me light to scan the way
From twilight leading up to day.

Years darkling here we flounder o'er
The rugged pathway wide,
Like skiff on breakers by the shore,
The sport of wind and tide;
When will my homeward voyage cease,
My sails upfurl'd, my bark at peace?

Within the vail my anchor lies—
The Temple rent for sin;
I see afar the beacon rise
To guide the pilgrim in:
The haven of the land I view—
Beulah, Jerusalem the new.

Bethlehem.

My fancy in a hallow'd mood
Traverses Canaan's holy land,
Where Jordan's old impetuous flood
Is rushing past the sacred strand;
I see the holy city rise,
Her pinnacles of burnish'd gold,
Salem! whose towers exalt the skies,
Most gorgeous to behold!

Mount Olivet, Mount Calvary,
Emmaus, Bethany in view,
The garden of Gethsemane—
(Blood there was sweat for me and you).

But David's royal city fair,
The temple—Salem's diadem,
Do not in interest compare
With lowly Bethlehem.

Hark! hearest thou that sky-born song
Athwart the gloom of ebon night?
Its tones vibrate the lands among,
The heavenly vision greets my sight;
To all mankind is 'Peace on earth'
Now promised, in this hallow'd hour—
Hosannah! for Messiah's birth,
He comes—a Child of power.

Wonder of wonders! where He lay,
This Man-God, infantine in size;
His cradle-bed the manger's hay,
O! mystery of mysteries!
Immanuel the Wonderful,
The Prince of Peace, the Child of days,
Of glory and of goodness full,
That Infant-God we praise!

'Twas mercy, blent with secret love,
That God should stoop to human woe,
Should quit a world of bliss above
To save a world of sin below;
That He who wore in heaven a crown
Of light, and glory's diadem,
Should deign for sinners to come down
To lowly Bethlehem.

I love the temple where He taught,
I kiss the ground the Saviour trod;
Each stream, each lake, each hill is fraught
With interest from the Saviour-God.
Capernaum and Galilee,
And thou, fore-doom'd Jerusalem!
Each scene's a hallow'd scene to me,
But more so Bethlehem.

Inkermann.

All night the wrathful cannon boom'd,
And shells upon the midnight air
Were thrown at random everywhere,
That Muscovitish legion doom'd.
Dark, ebon dark the concave sky—
Save where the lurid frequent glare
Of vengeance on the troubled air
Launch'd forth her hissing furies high,
And mist so thick it might be felt,
Around the hills and valleys dwelt.

All night our wearied men had found
A lodging each on lowly ground,
And forms, late robed in cloth of gold,
Now shiver'd in the trenches cold;
When, lo! ere darkness had withdrawn,
Scaling the heights, all warily,
The Russ is seen athwart the dawn,
On death intent or victory,
By raki fired, by bishops bless'd—
They come—they come—the Czar's own best!

Mass pressing mass they surge in sight;
Now rouse, ye English, to your feet—
The lion waits the bear to meet!
Ye gallant French, on every height
The foe is near your fame to mar,
And to his favour force the war.
For late on Alma's field they knew
Your valour, and had cause to rue;
And now with thousands six times ten
They come—quadruple all our men.

The Briton soon is on his feet,
With brand in hand, his good claymore;
The Gaul is nowise slack to meet
His foeman on the field of gore.
Let serried hosts in squadrons come—
'They come like shadows, so depart!'
Hurrah for British steel! strike home!
Hurrah for France, our counterpart!
Old England's ensign, waving high,
With France's tricolour they spy.

Charge, charge that locust-creeping host!
Your minies and revolvers ply;
There, where the danger threatens most,
Your bayonets urge, your balls let fly;
God will defend the right from might,
On Inkermann as Alma's height.
They onwards press while, steel to steel,
Makes rank on rank in column quail,
Constraining host on host to reel,
Despite of raki, priest, or mail.
Upon that field the light of day
Arose in anguish and dismay.

At Balaclava, gentle blood,
The best and purest of our land,
Was late shed forth—an ocean flood,
When mounted high, with sword in hand,
Six hundred heroes, Titans like,
Rush'd forth to capture or to spike
The Russian guns the left upon—
A marvel new in history!
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Alone can with such daring vie:
They fell like trees of stately mien,
All for their island homes and queen.

Oh! never more ye living dead
On you shall rise an earthly sun;
Ye list not now the warlike tread,
The clashing steel, the booming gun—
To halls of rest your spirits rise,
While Europe chaunts your obsequies.
Possess'd of more than mortal aid,
Into the jaws of death they went,
Our gallant, gallant Light Brigade!
O fatal, fearful compliment!
The soldier did and died—as bade—
But *wherefore* thus to slaughter sent?

So here, at Inkermann, again
Like wonders with our forces dwell,
Their sabres gleam above the slain,
Their volley'd fates a story tell;
The Muscovite with shot and shell
Is sent o'er crag and hanging steep,
Sent headlong howling down to hell,
For ever there to wake and weep.
So may fair Europe's foemen fall,
A caution to her despots all.

Mourn we for those who nobly led,
Heroes and demi-gods of fame,
Good Strangeways, Cathcart, Goldie dead,
With Frenchmen of undying name;
For here just fourteen thousand men
Beat Russian thousands six times ten
At Inkermann, that fatal day,
A lengthen'd strife, a bloody fray.
And long will this exploit be told,
In prose and song, as in a cold
And foreign grave each hero lies,
Time, France, and Britain's prodigies.

Moral Reflections.

How little do we dread the ills
  Unseen, that mortal man await!
A catalogue his lifetime fills,
  Order'd by fate.

'Tis well the knowledge of man's lot,
  The future pain, the coming woe,
In mercy to his state is not
  For him to know.

Sufficient for his little day
  Is all the evil, all the grief;
Time posteth stealthily away—
  Man's life how brief!

To-morrow is not sure to thee,
  Thou born of earth! To-morrow's sun
Itself may fail before it see
  Its journey run.

Thou enviest all thy fellows' fare;
  'My neighbour he is more than I,'
Thou sayest, 'in wealth above his share,
  'In state how high.

'The lofty and the honour'd, all
  'To do him reverence aspire;
'Fortune attendant—a football
  'At his desire.

'Few like my neighbour make pretence
  'In riches, rank—yet profligate;
'A man of *ton*, yet scant of sense—
  'Of shallow pate.'

What if it be so? What to thee?
Vex not thy soul at aught so true;
Thy armour don, and fearlessly
The right pursue.

The *present* only is secure,
Repining o'er the *past* is vain,
There is a glorious *future*, sure,
For all to gain.

A city to be captured straight,
Whose streets are gold, whose sun sets never,
Where ransom'd spirits dwell in state
For ever—ever!

Up then, and for the prize essay,
'Tis worth the trial, worth the strife;
Hold Satan and the world at bay—
Hold on for life!

Eternal life the meed at last;
The conflict o'er, the battle done,
The trials and the sorrows past,
Then Heaven is won.

Charade.

My first's never known to obtrude on the day;
My second the wanderer cheers on his way;
My third to the mariner, gallant and brave,
Is an object of dread as he ploughs the salt-wave;
My whole is a lute of such exquisite tone,
As would melt to soft pity the heart form'd of stone.

To Miss ——. (Acrostic.)

May angels guard thee with peculiar care,
In all their bounteous blessings mayst thou share;
Such peace as theirs, such bliss without alloy,
Surround thy path with unobstructed joy.

As when the sun his daily course proclaims,
Resplendent brightness pouring o'er the plains,
Keeps onwards, hastening up the arc of day,
Like Jove himself exulting in his sway;—
E'en may thy life's bright sun no cloud assume,
Such heavenly lustre tend thee to the tomb
Such shine as his,—a radiance without gloom.

To a Set of Fire Irons.

Whilom—as old dad Chaucer used to write—
Ere luxury in Britain's isle show'd face,
The fire upon the earthen floor threw light
And heat in common o'er the envied place
In which our forbears dwelt;—the smoke so thick
You might have cut it with a knife—
A good preservative to life,
For seldom any died *exceeding* quick.

Then doors were useful things indeed,
Paying, like Goldsmith's chest, a double debt,
A chimney and an entrance at their need—
Refinement had not shown her graces yet.
Next windows came, or rather frames, not for
'The importation of illumination,'
But to convey the smoke from off the door;
'Twas very good and proper, in this case,
The window should supply the door's old place.

By slow degrees arose the chimney flue,
And then it was when first our parents knew
The genial comforts of a cheerful fire,
Clean hearth, clean fender, poker, rake, and tongs,
With large 'sea coal' from Tyne, whose heat prolongs
The social comfort and enlarged desire:
The hut is clear'd—asthmas and colds recede,
And nothing can the change in worth exceed.
At every breath inhaling pounds of smoke,
Believe me, modern gemman, was no joke.

Pristine rusticity, thou charming creature!
I know thee by each sombre-colour'd feature,
The russet petticoat and scanty gown;
Thou munchest acorns nature to supply,
Wilt squat thee down in outhouse or in stye,
And in thy life and habits sham'st the town.
How blest to bask in slothfulness and filth,
The surest means of happiness and health!

Now, call'd to use, the tongs and rake began
Their office in polite society,
Together with the poker and ash-pan,
Well scour'd they were, and viewly to the eye;
Our fathers—no, our mothers—often swept
The clean fireside, and all in order kept.

How useful is the poker or the rake,
In case of any family dispute;
Let prudent wives from me this counsel take,
Whose husbands savour somewhat of the brute,
When tipsy, to conceal them in the closet—
(For *rakes* of other kinds a good deposit.)
Such implements stand ready for the strife,
To smash a leg or two, or take a life.

Per contra, added to the neat hair broom,
They form an ornament to any room,
And, gently finger'd, music good contain;
Of nerve-elating power, their shrilly tone
Can agitate the marrow in the bone,
So deeply penetrating all their strain.

When bees at casting time take flight,
The prudent hind with poker and with pan
Hies after, *tinkle-tinkle-tan*,
Till, struck their sense, the fugitives alight;
O'er hill and dale their course they steer,
While, sweating, gaffer follows in the rear.

Many will recollect the story quaint
Of Dunstan's being tempted of the devil—
This any pious Christian may suppose;
Repeatedly provoked, the holy saint
Secured a pair of red-hot tongs, uncivil,
And one day took the arch-fiend by the nose—
His yells made terra tremble miles around,
And many forests topple to the ground.
Thus tongs should be respected since, 'tis plain,
The fiend has not appear'd on earth again.

A lady of the court of France, one day,
A toy had dropp'd into her breast at play,
And call'd her partner to extract the same;
The gentleman, lest passion here might prove
Too much for modesty and virtuous love,
Snatch'd up the tongs and to her service came:
With these he probed her bosom round and round,
And threw at length the plaything on the ground.

Instead of groping with one's 'bunch of fives,'
As used our grandames, for the coal and wood,
Griming their digits—lo! our pretty wives
Put forth the tongs to serve their purpose good,

Which, as by chance, ope wide their legs and thighs,
And fast secure the flame-devoted prize;
O! for that fabled stone whose power, we're told,
Can turn such useful implements to gold.

Then on the polished fender to recline
One's feet, the table at one's elbow near,
With Turkey carpet on the floor so fine,
And howling winds denied an entrance here,
A friend beside us and a magazine,
A song at intervals to cheer the scene,—
O life, O luxury! no wonder there
Be those who sing the 'Sofa' and 'Arm-chair.'

To a Lady.

I do not ask her for the *carte* of one
Whose image is for ever by my side;
To me she cannot be an earthly bride,
But in the spirit she hath been such long,—

My joy of joys, my being's utmost bliss,
One unto whom I nightly converse hold
At midnight hour, when I her form enfold,
And, in idea, her pure lips I kiss.

Thou dar'st not, lady, own the gentle love
Long cherish'd – or mine eyes deceive— for me,
For which in secret I must cherish thee,
Dearest! until this heart shall cease to move.

Accept this verse, for lack of more to give—
Would I had more! a hand, wealth, worlds forbye;
There is a purer, holier love on high,
Yet for thy sake I fain on earth would live.

The Raising of Lazarus.

'Twas in the town of Bethany,
A hallow'd little town,
Where Martha and where Mary dwelt,
Two sisters of renown—
Martha, who waited on the Lord,
When Mary sat her down.

Oh! there was sorrow in that house;
He whom they lov'd was nigh
To death, their brother Lazarus,
And Jesus was not by;—
But they must send and tell their friend,
Or Lazarus must die.

Now, Jesus loved that family,
The sisters twain and brother,
And where the love of Jesus comes
There needs to be no other;
'Tis far above the earthly love
Of father or of mother.

Still was the Saviour deaf, 'twould seem,
Unto the message sent,
And four long days yet tarried He,
Nor to that sick house went!
I pity much the family,
Their grief and discontent.

At length by Martha he is seen—
Approaching joy betide!
And then she ran to meet the Lord,
And agonizing cried
'Had'st thou been here, Oh Saviour, dear!
'My brother had not died.'

'Thy brother he shall rise again!'
Most gracious words and true,
A balm to each believing soul,
Sweet hope to me and you—
To all who on the Saviour call,
Who "fight the good fight" through.

'I know,' said Martha, 'he shall rise
'Again at the last day,
'When time on earth shall be no more,
'When heaven has fled away;
'The righteous then shall rise to life,
'The wicked to dismay.'

'I am the resurrection,' said
The Saviour in reply;
'On me whoever dare believe
'Shall live and never die.'
Then silent to the grave they went,
With bitter moan and sigh.

And sympathising with the throng,
The Lord of Glory wept,
When at the grave of Lazarus,
Where cold in death he slept.
The mourners, standing round about,
Unbroken silence kept.

He speaketh—'Lazarus, come forth!'
Quick at the summons, lo!
He that so long had lain a corpse
Came forward, nothing slow;
Then Jesus said to those around,
'Loose him, and let him go.'

And reverently they worship Him,
And marvel at the skill
To raise the dead to life again,
By virtue of His will;
To Him be glory! He can raise
To life the sinner still.

Moral Pen-droppings.

Life is not always full of pain;
The pure of heart have an indwelling joy,
Which nothing of the earth can cloy,
The fountain and the stream unmixed with stain.

Life is not always free of woe;
The wicked and impenitent are cross'd
By trials manifold, and lost
To pleasures of the purest sort below.

Truth, ever ready to distil
From lips of love, flows on with even pace;
Whilst error, distanc'd in the race,
Perplex'd and vacillant, falls rearwards still.

Vice is its own sure punishment;
The drunkard, glutton, debauchee impure,
Scarce half their time below endure,
On sin and God's displeasure madly bent.

Come poverty, come fell disease,
The Christian man hath all his armour on—
Christ and the Christian man are one—
Brimful his soul of holy joy and peace.

What doom but woe can sinners claim?
The olive-branch was waved before their sight,
The hand stretch'd out with robe of white,
Salvation offer'd through the healing Name.

Their cup is fill'd to overflow!
Here and hereafter is no hope for them.
Lord! give me here sin's tide to stem,
So shall my soul escape the future woe.

Ode to a Cast-off White Hat.

'*Sic transit mundus!*'—such the fate of things,
Of heads and castors. Long my scalp was crown'd—
A scalp confess'd of adamant profound—
With this my beaver, fit to be the King's;
Of glossy substance once and downy touch,
Diogenes himself had envied it—
Shield of my upper man, caress'd as such,
Sleek, fair and smooth, in every sense a 'fit.'

No plume high-bending in the breeze was thine,
Nodding with pride on all the world below it;
No myrtle garlands did thy nap entwine,
Nor laurel, object of the gentle poet,
No scented eglantine, nor broad-leaf bay,
Sung to the harp in many a sounding lay.

Enough for thee thine office to fulfil,
Screening the head and ears from every ill
The clime bequeaths in chilling cold and heat;
Though distant far, I've known the day
No felon rains could through thy surface stray,
A waterproof elastic, tight and neat—
Of London shape and origin, no doubt,
Made by—but now the name and street are out.

Long wast thou sported as a Sunday castor,
At church, at chapel, public promenade;
But tyrant time hath work'd thee sad disaster,
And all the town declares thee 'shocking bad!'
Bruised, flatten'd, batter'd, shatter'd everywhere,
Thou art not oval, circular, or square;
Old Euclid nor Sir Isaac could divine,
Exact, what mathematic shape were thine.

Then, wareroom of my literary store,
Thou, underneath a 'kerchief and white gloves,
Didst often bear the best of British lore,
(A good part sacred to the Nine and Loves).
Pamphlets and tractates, ballads by the score,
Tales, novelettes, romance one's hair that moves,
Philosophy, with other *nies* and *fies*,
All pleasant reading, taking truth with lies.

Great virtues are attached to hats of white—
They cause respect in many people's eyes,
And this by all men should be kept in sight
Who fain above the vulgar herd would rise;
'Tis what the learned expect, and very right,
Such deference is duteous to the wise;
For when we guide the world, so circumspect,
'Tis not in turn to treat us with neglect.

But nothing can for ever hold
Against the summer's heat and winter's cold;
The elements are instruments of ill,
Changing a miller's horse to white from grey,
And mortals' hairs and hats to hue of whey,
With no great readiness to ask one's will;
Nought 'scapes its destiny. The clothes you wear
Change colour; most of all, a coat thread-bare.

Proof 'gainst the water and against all weather,
My Golgotha in many a storm held out,
Unheedful of the pelting rain a feather,
Bent solely on its master's good, no doubt;
Five summers sported o'er thee, and, in fact,
'Twas time to look a little crazed and crack'd.

Twice did the needle and the scissors strive
To renovate thy frame with satin lining,
And renovated twice thou seem'dst to thrive—

Such is the housewife's art, though fast declining;
But can the power of shears or needle true
Transform an olden castor to a new?

Twice did the hatter put thy form in shape,
Brushing each side, the crown, and glassy nape,
Each time a shilling charge I needs must pay;
Few of thy generation could compare
In gloss, in quality, in texture fair
With thee, thou marvel of thy age and day!
Once on a time all eyes were proud to know thee,
Endow'd with all thy maker could endow thee.

Oft on the street from off my head
Thou hast kiss'd earth—a lump of lead!
Yet, like the phœnix on its fall
Appeared renew'd again, once more,
Looking more beauteous than before,
A castor for a christening or a ball.
So fares it with the brave; they rise anew,
When dangers thicken, who the strife pursue.

But now—what cannot age and pain effect?—
Thou seem'st far gone in asthma and a cough,
Yet meet it is to treat thee with respect;
The silver chain of life is falling off,
The frost of death approacheth.—'Tis a realm
In which we cannot use the chart and helm.

Another now doth claim thy favoured place,
Not to its former occupant's disgrace—
Necessity's imperative, we know;
Oh! there be feelings sacred to the heart,
In which this self-same castor bore a part,
Of deep affection, perfect bliss and woe!
It could do that which Hamlet's ghost could do,
Provided it had speech like me and you.
No more! Go forth my olden honour'd friend,
Thy mission to delight is at an end.

April.

A deeper tint now decks the ground,
A living verdant green;
Within the dark ravine's profound
The primrose fair is seen,
Far from the haunts of busy men—
A prisoner pale in gloomy den.

The joyful brook from ice set free,
Is off to lake and tarn;
While from the boughs of every tree
The buds you now discern,
Pouting towards the kindly south,
The sun that decks the woods in youth.

Far overhead the laverock trills
Loud pæans to the sky,
As in the glen each warbler fills
The vale with melody—
Chit-chit, to-pec, tit-tit, tit-too,
Chirpee, chirpee, cheroo, cheroo.

The rooks are cawing in the trees,
House-building high in air;
Each feather floating in the breeze
Is borne aloft with care.
The bee is on the wing again,
Small pilferer of the gem-pied plain.

Far down the plain the throstle's song
Is heard at early dawn;
The hare comes limpingly along
Her track upon the lawn,
Watchful as forth she halts and runs,
Of deathful traps, of dogs and guns.

With taper wing the swallow soon
Will skim the pensive lake;
A 'wandering voice'—one scant of tune—
Will nightly cry crake, crake,
In cornfields and in meadows long—
A rustic voice of mythic song.

The miller in the olden mill
Is blythe as man can be;
The blacksmith, at his anvil still,
Is glad the Spring to see,
Her liberal hand to note again
O'er woodland, valley, slope and plain.

O, there is joy man's griefs among!
Delight attends the Spring!
There's rapture in the teeming song,
And on the skylark's wing.
Mortal! close not thine ears and eyes—
Be grateful, thankful, and be wise.

On Laying the Foundation of the Second Temple at Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
From bondage in a heathen land
Thy sons again, the branch and stem,
Have home return'd, by mercy plann'd,
To rear a second house to Him
Who dwelleth 'tween the cherubim.

The Levite, trumpet by his side,
Is there to lay the corner stone;
While clanging cymbals, far and wide,
Proclaim their thraldom past and gone,
And testify their joy and praise
To Him whose temple now they raise.

Ye holy priests! sound long and loud
The trumpets; Asaph's favour'd sons
Clang high the cymbals—let the crowd
Of worshippers, right earnest ones,
Praise God, whose love to Israel
None but the chosen race can tell.

On willow trees their harps were hung
By Babylonian stream and flood;
Now praise is heard from every tongue,
Its burden—'For that He is good,
'His mercy ever doth endure,
'His long forbearance, what so sure?'

But who be they, these ancient men,
Who weep aloud in grievous plight?
These saw the former temple when
The ark of God was there in sight,
The holy fire, the mercy seat,—
Their sense of joy is incomplete.

Where is the heavenly manna? where
The rod of Aaron, branch and bud?
No high Shekina's beaming there—
Weep, ancient men, of tears a flood;
The Holy One ye tempted high
To wrath with your idolatry.

Vile Ashtaroth and Moloch grim
They worshipp'd, with the hanging grove,—
Zidonian idols more than Him,
The fount of worship, source of love;
Forgetful of the pillar—cloud—
The sea that serv'd for Pharaoh's shroud.

Forgetful of the thunder's sound,
And fire on Sinai's troubled brow—
Forgetful of the cloven ground
That swallow'd Corah's rebel crew—

The parted Jordan, and the fall
Of Jericho's encompass'd wall,

Then did Jehovah cast away
His people, for a season long,
And gave them to their foes a prey—
Their heathen foes strange lands among,
To chasten, humble, crush and kill,
To learn, though late, his righteous will.

Still greater glory is decreed
For this, the latter house of prayer,
For lo! He of the royal seed
In time's completion will be there,
A light to Jew and Gentile each,
A purer, clearer faith to teach.

Him shall the Jew and Gentile hear,
A fallen world shall hail the day,
And idol-worship disappear
Before the truth's diviner ray;
For 'peace on earth, goodwill to men,'
Will be the Saviour's mission then.

To A——.

I dare not whisper of the love I feel,
I dare not tell her of the silent pain
That racks my bosom, rends my heart in twain,
But vainly strive my passion to conceal.

For she is with me at the early morn,
Present when night enfolds me in her shroud;
With me indoors, and in the busy crowd,
Present the livelong day, wherever borne.

Yet, O! enfix me firmlier in this chain,
Sweet lady! It were happiness to die
By that kind look, that love-entrancing eye!
Gaze on me then, and break my heart in twain.

To the Same.

She slights my hapless passion—woe is me!
Once I could see her in the shady lane
Or sunny street—a cheering sight to see—
Her place is vacant now, I watch in vain.

She will not deign to gladden more these eyes,
And I am left to marvel at the way
Of womankind, in sadness and surprise;
Oh! why this cruel change, sweet lady, say?

Vouchsafe to bless me with thy presence fair,
One look convey me in the passing throng,
And in my heart it shall be treasured there—
That heart to love and thee a captive long.

The Newcastle Grocer.

(1826.)

'Money, money, money, money, money, money, money.'

From spade, from harrow, cart and plough,
From Dobbin, Jock, and Rattler too,
In homespun suit, as homely made,
He comes to town to learn some trade;—
Leaves Humph and Hob and friends a score,
A rustic lout, an awkward bore;—
Had all pence table off by rote—
Knew fourpence made exact a groat;—

Knew twelve pence made a shilling good,
And £. s. d. for what they stood.
A rising genius in her son
The mother scann'd, and thereupon
Resolves old Gaffer to importune,
And send the lad to make his fortune.

In mind, in manners, all the same,
Old Gaffer kiss'd the prudent dame,
And bade God speed, with heartfelt joy,
The purpose of the dame and boy;
Thus with the twain, in high renown,
He comes to learn a trade in town.

Arrived, with wonder-staring eyes,
From street to street the clodpole hies,
'Mong tradesmen's boys each day intent is
To hear and learn who wants a 'prentice.

At length behind the counter see
This hopeful youth, this prodigy;
In sleeves and apron dirty-white,
He strives at once to be polite;
Sweeps out the shop, the window cleans,
Enters his 'prenticeship and teens;—
Hugs parcels, sweats, the barrow wheels,
With casks and boxes, at his heels;—
Grinds coffee half the tedious day,
Bare food and lodging all his pay;—
Debarr'd the sweets of books and leisure,
Debarr'd from every boyish pleasure;—
His master, trade's own favour'd tool,
One half a tyrant, half a fool,
A knave whom friendship scorn'd to know,
To every manly virtue foe,
Whose wife a proper choice did prove,
Tho' destitute of sense and love—

Could she sufficient money bring,
This were sufficient worth for him.
And, truth to say, like sages old,
He would have lent his wife for gold,
But not on friendship's score, like sages
The boast of Rome in former ages.

Now view the stripling if you can—
As was the master so the man.
Expert in knowledge soon grew he,
Expert in trade's chicanery;
He knew the current creed in trade,
That all good springs from money made,
'No matter what the means by which
'The end is gain'd, so you get rich!'

See him anon, his service ended,
His drudgery and toil suspended,
Well train'd in arts of money-making,
In buying, selling, trucking, staking,
With scarce a sense of aught but ill,
A prey to Mammon and the till—
He opens shop, friends so importune,
To rise in trade and make his fortune.

Well,—alter'd in his rustic mien,
At desk behold him spruce and clean,
Scanning his ledger o'er and o'er,
A drudge more busy than before—
Absorb'd in gain, absorb'd in loss,
With many a care and many a cross.
In simple interest grown proficient,
(A rule in commerce all sufficient).
He speculates and barters high,
The envy of each neighbour nigh.

Now high and low, and up and down,
O'er half the country and the town,
A wife was sought, a wife obtain'd,
An object this full easy gain'd;
Of prospects high—the best of all
A thousand pounds at ready call,
And twice this sum whenever death
Shall please to stop her father's breath.

Her learning vast, you straight might see,
Extended to the Rule of Three.
A country wench, she knew the art
Of driving gig or market cart;
Upon a pinch could drive the plough,
And spread manure the long day through;
Make leaven bread and muck the byre,
And cleanse the piggery of its mire.
All this she practised and, in brief,
Much more, which told, would shock belief.

But married—lo, our utmost art
Could ne'er pursue through every part
Of trade this prodigy sublime:
I own it past my powers of rhyme.
The Muse the task Dædalion shuns,
Nor speaks of profits—losses—duns;
Of bills return'd—accepted; deeds
Of houses, lands, Kent hops and seeds;
Of freight, insurance, risk and carriage,
And what their offspring after marriage.

Suffice it to apprize the reader
Of trade he soon became a leader;
Set off to London every spring,
A cargo home of goods to bring,
The best and cheapest London town
Could offer there for money down;

In concert with each greedy elf
Who worshipp'd Mammon like himself;
Despised and shunn'd by men of sense,
Who never bow'd to pounds and pence;
His leanings most to fraud and ill,
His idols Mammon and the Till.
In age his views of gain increase,
Absorb'd in cares, remote from peace;
And when he dies be this the stave
Above the sod that forms his grave—

'Chain'd to a counter and a stool
'In life, here lies a galley slave;
'Of avarice and trade the tool,
'A calculating sordid knave,
'A money-grub of Plutus' school,
'Unmindful of a soul to save.'

Hymn.—Night.

'Tis night, and all the concave round
Is hush'd in solitude profound;
But in the silence and the night
The Lord is nigh, my shield and light.

Beyond the gloom is seen afar,
Alone of all heaven's host, a star,
A beacon good: and Jesus, He
Beyond that star is fair to see.

On high He stands, before the throne,
Pleading my cause, as 'twere His own;
And who like Him my cause can plead?
The sinner's friend—a friend in need.

Our Elder Brother to prepare
A mansion for His saints is there;
And crowns and sceptres He will give
To all who in His spirit live.

No night I feel if Thou art by,
No anxious fear, my Saviour nigh;
And death itself is shorn of power,
With Christ, my comfort, in that hour.

Come then, irradiate the night,
And overflow with heavenly light
The soul that fain to Thee would tend,
Creator, Brother, Guide, and Friend.

Hymn.

In varied trial and distress,
My helper was the Lord;
In trouble and perplexity,
My confidence His Word;
When earthly hope had well-nigh fled,
And griefs possess'd me whole,
His promises to faith and prayer
Spoke comfort to my soul.

Arise, faint heart! the Lord is nigh,
To yield a ready hand;
Of old He spake, and Jordan's flood
Shrank back at His command;
And Israel's God is thine to-day,
In trial and distress;
The humble soul is His delight
To succour and to bless.

Psalm xc.

(IN SUBSTANCE.)

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In generations gone;
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Thou reignedst, Lord, alone,—
The everlasting God art Thou,
Existing in an endless Now.

Thou turnest man to dust again,
For in thy even sight
A thousand years are as a day—
A watch pass'd in the night;
Like as a flood, mankind is borne
To sudden doom from earth's sojourn.

Or, like the grass-blade, springing up
At early morning tide,
So man increaseth in his strength,
Exulting in his pride;
Ere night the grass is wither'd all,
And man is far beyond recal.

For lo! in trouble by Thy wrath,
We perish day by day;
The iniquities of our life,
Are spect es in the way;
Man's secret sins are known to Thee—
Naught hidden from Thy sight can be.

Our days and years are pass'd away,
Most like a story old,
Three-score-and-ten their limit here,
Four-score how rarely told;
Labour and sorrow crown each day,
And all the while we speed away!

So teach us, Lord, our days to note,
That we may well apply
Our hearts to wisdom's guiding voice;
Thy servants satisfy
With mercy from Thy holy hill,
With joy and peace our hearts to fill.

And let Thy work of grace appear,
Establish Thou our hands;
So shall we walk in truth sincere,
Fulfilling Thy commands;
Our handiwork establish Thou,
'And to Thy sceptre all things bow.'

To Napoleon the Third, Emperor of all the French.

(1853.)

Great nephew of 'my uncle,' Nap. the First,
Accept an ode from Pollypont! O hear
The lay of truthful minstrel nigh to burst
With wonder at thy marvellous career;
And when you come this road, like Cæsar old,
Forbear, like him, to hurt thy poet bold.

Is it the case, you cast a sheepish eye—
Or rather wolfish one—on little Britain?
Forbear, *Monsieur*, to raise our jealousy;
Some think your own seat rather hot to sit in,
Enough to rule your forty millions out,
Instead of elsewhere kicking up a rout.

You may not, like the Romans, land in Kent,
But probably upon the western coast,
Thus putting London and the Guards off scent;
At Pollypont, believe it, sire, we boast
Four mounted guns, and should you enter there,
You'll find the same a stickler—have a care.

Once landed, pray what could your legions do?
Would we not fasten on them all like bees,
Militia, regulars, police not few?
O! tremble at the fate your poet sees
Suspended o'er your honour'd hirsute head,
Like sword of Democles, with vengeance red.

Do not believe when foolish people say
That Waterloo was won by British power;
Both dogs and generals have had their day,
And fortune on the brave will sometimes lower;
Did you not win at Cressy, at Poictiers,
And Agincourt (you French) in by-gone years?

That Wood Sir Charles, and that Sir James the Graham,
How could they utter words so foul and queer?
Words much to be lamented, much to blame,
That, booming cross the Channel, take the ear
Of majesty upon the stable throne
Of the Tuileries, august, alone.

Has not our Dizzy these to order call'd
(At least the former sinner) in his place?
And has not Wood in terror overhaul'd
His language, arrogant alike and base?
Pardon, my liege, the nothings of these men—
They will not prate of *France le grande* again.

Yours is a throne defiant of all time,
A hundred centuries will look upon it,
And marvel at the view.—Your august line
Will sway the destinies of Frenchmen on it
Long as the sun and moon endure, and longer,
Growing with cycling ages all the stronger.

Where is the feather'd biped of Boulogne?
The duck Eugenie hath its place supplied,
Paying the former off with Spanish coin—
Eugenie, Spain and bonny Scotland's pride!

Vive, vive, Kirkpatrick! peerless in renown—
O may she long retain both head and crown?

Keep the French eagle fetter'd in its cage—
We have a lion ready to protect,
But who would wish to see the twain engage?
O! draw the cords of kindness to connect
The neighbour nations in the bonds of peace,
So shall your glory and your fame increase.

Bind Rome and Belgium in your Gaulic chain,
The press bemanacle as best you may;
Enact December's pastimes o'er again,
Thy will be law in France for many a day,
But give *us* peace, and mollify our fears—
So may your dynasty exist—ten years.

A Town Trustee Election.

1ST CANDIDATE.

I am the man, all people know,
Who was trustee not long ago,
And then resign'd, my hearing slow.

But now, by Doctor Coffin's might,
My hearing's suddenly come right
At this election—wondrous quite!

Again I forward come, in rote,
With not a twinge of shame—just note,
Your interest to enlist and vote.

2ND CANDIDATE.

I pledge myself to stand—'tis all
That I can pledge—to stand or fall;
Assist me voters, great and small.

I little know what you require,
But will propose all you desire;
A puppet, you can pull my wire.

When you request me, I'll be off,
Pleading lumbago, gout, or cough.
Or *deafness*—do not laugh and scoff.

3RD CANDIDATE.

A spooney, lo! I sigh to be
A man of mark, a town trustee—
Then come, electors, vote for me.

Tin tacks, gas,—water-pipes as well,
Hobnails and tenpenny I sell;
My porridge pans the meal outswell.

Pence table backwards I can say—
Electors, favour me, I pray,
You must not, can not say me nay.

ALL THREE.

We pull together in one boat,
And jointly beg your friendly vote—
Our like was never seen afloat.

"Ich Dien"—(I Serve.)

Not in the fearful strife
Where death is stalking round,
Whence issues mortal life
From out the ghastly wound;
Not in Siberia's mine
I serve a Kaiser's will
In slavery and toil—
I serve One higher still.

Yet do I fight and strive
Against each wily foe,
Subject to each surprise
Whichever way I go;
If to the right, I stray,
Or left, the foe is near,
Instant upon the way
With buckler and with spear.

I serve—but oft in dread
Of being overdone;
If but a point I miss
The aliens all press on;
Before me is a Rock—
It higher is than I—
I hide me in its cleft,
My foes are rushing by!

Whiles in my path is placed
A mighty torrent, hoarse,
Yet must I not forbear
To buffet with its force;
Sometimes, to damp my hope,
Is seen a chasm wide,
But lo, a leap of faith
Lands me on t'other side.

Then from the woods, at hand,
Strange noises fright the ear,
Loud screechings on the wind
To cause the bravest fear;
The tempest oft is up—
The night a blacken'd pall;
I serve, and must not stop,
Lest halting be my fall.

Upon the mountain height
Sometimes with pride I stand,
Viewing behind the state
Of quagmire and quick-sand;

Again, in valley deep
I wend me all alone,
With lions in my path,
Wolves, griffins—shapes unknown.

To serve is to obey,
To suffer and endure;
The Christian on his way
Leans on his cross secure.
For him no fading leaf—
(In Grecian games the prize)—
No recompense beneath—
His crown is in the skies.

Poor Aaron Brown.

I am a poor and lonely man,
My name is Aaron Brown;
In quest of work I wander forth,
The country up and down.

And then my cottage on the fell
Is open to all weather;
The stormy wind and pelting rain
Come in at nights together.

In winter work can not be had,
And then my fare is small;
The Lord however is my help,
And on His name I call.

A little fire is in the grate,
By which in print I scan
That Jesus Christ, the Nazarine,
Himself was a poor man.

And—Oh! for firmer, stronger faith,
To feel the record true—
This Jesus came from heaven to save
Poor men like me and you!

Thus Aaron's state is sanctified
By Jesus' passing through;
My will to His is crucified,
And I am formed anew.

Oh! help me by Thy spirit, Lord,
That I may not offend,
By murmuring at Thy providence,
Since Jesus is my friend.

The Parish Clerk and Sexton.

With looks demure he takes his Sunday seat,
Well wash'd his face, his neckcloth ordered neat;
Smooth combed his hair and o'er his forehead laid,
In seemly order with John's solemn trade.
A coat once black his shoulders strives to grace,
Worn twenty years, since John first held the place;
Sedate he sits, observing always when
To chaunt response and speak the firm *amen*;
He knows the time to rise, the time to sit,
And through the service when to cough and spit;
If drowsy, too, through sermon he can nod,
And leave the priest and people to their God.

A house beside the church-yard gate doth stand,
With windows looking o'er the hallow'd land;
Above the door in letters large and clear
These words the traveller reads, 'Good Ale & Beer;'
And on the sign a grave is pictured true,
With mound and tombstone raised to rustic view,—

The Clerk's abode. Here Hodge will nightly quaff
The sexton's ale, and raise the ready laugh;
The village blacksmith lauds each passing joke,
Tired at the anvil with each labouring stroke;
And gaffer here will speak of corn and hay,
The harvest's promise or the crop's decay;
The Sexton sits, clerk, landlord, sexton too,
And gives to every joke its passing due.

Up stairs (I fear with few religious qualms)
Our clerk instructs the youth in David's psalms;
Two nights a week young men and maidens come,
Some tenor take, some bass, and treble some;
Anthems and airs alternate they perform,
Whilst underneath the Bacchanalians storm;
Above you hear the strains of Judah rise,
Beneath they clamorous grow for ale's supplies;
Psalm tunes and psalms together oft are seen,
With pots and glasses interspers'd between.

These pupils form auxiliaries on that day
When priest and people quit their homes to pray;
In church they lead, and instant music raise
What time their teacher tunes his pipe to praise.
Conversant well in human skulls and bones,
John knows what proper grave each fragment owns;
These thrice ten years the tombs around were made
To rise obsequious to his ruthless spade;
He tells the tale of those who soundly sleep,
Without a lying urn their names to keep;
Can speak their praises and their failings too,
In terms more near the truth than tombstones do;
Knows all around, the foeman and the friend,
Their birth, their breeding, parentage and end.

No lighter heart than John's the place about,
Though far more often in the grave than out.
He smooths the parson's coat, he cleans his shoes,
Collects the Church-rates and the Easter-dues;

Drives market-cart, the cow brings nightly home,
And pounds stray pigs when far a field they roam.
The youth who comes the banns to render in,
Is sure to taste the sexton's ale and gin;
And, married, sure he cannot well refrain
From calling there to taste the draught again.
At christenings, churchings, seldom any fail
To lay out sixpence on the good man's ale;
E'en mourners tarry when the dead's laid low,
To drown in genial punch their partial woe.

Still, strange to say, John tunes his wonted stave,
A heedless inmate of the well-known 'Grave.'

Epitaph on a Young Lady.

The sun of life shone brightly through,
My adolescent day;
I thought and spoke as thousands do,
Young, beautiful, and gay:
Year followed year, and pleasure's train
My feelings occupied;
I danced, I waltzed—a creature vain—
Coquetted, dressed and——died!

Substance of Socrates' Defence Before his Judges.

Athenians! as in common conversation
So will I speak, without or guile or art.
On what foundation can it be alleged
That I nor fear nor worship Athens' gods?

I, whom within my house you might have seen
And in the temples sacrificing to them?
My constant study to improve mankind,
The conduct relative to life's best good,
And piety and virtue to instil.

I stand accused of spoiling Athens' youth,
In teaching them as well to slight the gods
As to contemn the rules of government.
You know, Athenians! I have never made
Of teaching a profession— never sold
Instruction unto any: witness thou
My poverty! unquestionable proof.
Equally ready to communicate
My views to rich and poor, I lend myself
To all desirous of becoming good;
My sole employ to caution young and old
Against the love inordinate of self,
Of glory, riches, each precarious thing,
But to regard the soul as object chief
Of their affections. Always do I urge
That virtue doth not flow from riches, but
From virtue riches. Every private good,
And public, from the selfsame fount we owe.

If then, Athenians! to inculcate these,
And maxims similar, be to corrupt
The youth of Athens, I do guilty stand;
If what advanced be false, it is most easy
To prove the same. Around me I behold
Many my pupils; let them make a charge.

Athenians! pass on me what doom you please,
I cannot or repent, or change my calling;—
Must not abandon or suspend a function
Which God himself upon me has imposed.

If after having kept so faithfully
The posts appointed by our generals
At Potidaea, Delium and Amphipolis,
The fear of death should make me now abandon
The post which Providence has placed me in,
This were indeed a criminal desertion!
Should you, on promise of my future silence,
Resolve to favour me, I would reply—
Athenians! I do honour you and love,
But love and honour and obey God more;
And never will renounce the good of man,
Or cease to tell him in my wonted way—
Good friend! forego the cares of gaining wealth,—
The root of worthless honour and renown,
But rather seek the excellence of truth,
Of wisdom and of virtue, taking heed
To fill the soul with pure substantial good.

I am reproached, too, with abject fear,
In daring not to give my country counsel
Before the Senate: proof enough, methinks,
Both in the field and Senate hath been given
Of courage and true fortitude by me.
With you I have borne arms in open fight,
And in the Senate, singly, have opposed
The edicts of you all, a voice divine
Imparting counsel to me. But the man
Wishful for life, yet advocating justice,
'Twere better for him to remain in-doors.

My wife and children I have not brought here
As some have done, to move your sympathy,
Nor this from pride, contempt, or obstinacy.
'Tis proper you should know, Athenians! some
Our citizens there be who look on death
As evil none, but who apply that name
To infamy and to injustice only.

Would it be meet at three-score years and ten,
Opposed to all the precepts I have given
Against the fear of death, myself to fear it?
The cancel and belie by one base act
Each rule, each principle of former life?
But without mentioning my fame, Athenians,
To supplicate acquittance were a crime.
A Judge should be persuaded and convinc'd;
He sits not on the bench to favour any,
But to conform his sentence to the law;
He does not take an oath to pass by some,
But justice to administer to all.
We ought not, therefore, to accustom you
To perjury, nor you to suffer it;
We injure, then, religion and fair truth,
And Judge and people both are criminal.

To keep you, friends, no longer in suspense,
As you request me to become my judge,
Hear, then, my doom.—For having pass'd my days
In high employment of instructing you,
Your children also making virtuous men;
For having with this view neglected much
Of private comfort, public dignity,
And lucrative employment in the State;
For having labour'd in my country's service,
My time devoting to the State's best good,
I do condemn myself to be maintain'd
At the Republic's charge the rest of life.

Stanzas for Music.

I cannot smile my cares away,
I cannot laugh or feel the jest;
No charm can soothe my griefs by day,
Or lull the jarring thought to rest.

By night the power of opiate sleep
Flies not my couch of sadness near;
There, heedless all, the moments creep,
Companions of my anguish drear.

My bosom is an aching void,
Where all once bright and lovely beam'd;
Remembrance solely now is cloy'd
With all fond youth and fancy dream'd.

For love is changeful as the moon,
And woman's vows are all deceit;
Her best affection wanes full soon,
Her siren smile's a certain cheat.

I cannot smile my cares away,
I cannot laugh or feel the jest;
No charm can soothe my griefs by day,
Or lull the jarring thought to rest

Monody on a Lady's Lap Dog, Worried by a Mastiff.

A PORTION OF THE TAIL WAS RESERVED BY THE LADY AS A KEEPSAKE.

Come, weep my cruel fate with me,
The damsel loudly cried,
With hair dishevell'd, loosely hung
All careless down each side.

'Tis not the loss of my true love,
For true love none have I;
'Tis not the loss of worldly wealth
Constrains me thus to sigh.

I had a dog was all to me,
Both friend and follower true,
Could frisk and lie upon my knee,
Could bark and fondle too.

To please was all my Pinny's aim—
What more could sweetheart do?
Or late or early, all the same,
My Pinny loved me true.

And when a-jaunting I had gone
Thou, Pinny, ne'er didst fail
With me to put thy best looks on,
And wag thy curly tail.

But oft, which caus'd my anger stir,
Thou by the way didst meet
Some favourite mate well known before,
A-roaming down the street.

Yet wert thou sure, thy frolic o'er,
To follow on full fast,
Now close behind, now on before:
A jaunt of thine the last.

For lo! next morn as Pinny lay
Close by the parlour fire,
A mastiff thither forced his way,
His hunger fraught with ire.

Soon as my Pinny smelt the foe—
For dogs sagacious are—
He rose with rancour in his looks,
And cool, inquiring stare.

Then, lo! he suddenly attacks
The stranger dog in scorn;
The stranger dog most savagely
Attacks again in turn.

But Pinny's might lay not in strength,
Of mail he wore no coat;
And soon the nasty mastiff tore
A piece from out his throat.

And well the mastiff could have ate
My Pinny, tail and all,
For that in bulk was monstrous great,
And this was monstrous small.

Then, conscious of his crippled state,
And feeling, too, his wound,
My Pinny lay in sad distrait
All bleeding on the ground.

Haste! haste! the surgeon hither bring,
Do all that can be done
To save my dog; no cash of mine
I'll spare, whate'er the sum.

In speed the surgeon hither came,
The neighbours flock'd likewise,
Conn'd Pinny o'er and o'er again,
And look'd alarm'd and wise.

In speed was sew'd the ghastly wound,
As dying fast he lay;
Whilst Betty stood in tears nigh drown'd,
Unwitting what to say.

But still the Doctor bit his cane,
Then shook his learned head,
Then open'd out some hidden vein,
And Pinny thence was bled.

When lo, he ope'd one little eye,
And water 'gan to flow;
Whilst Betty barter'd grief for joy,
And chang'd for bliss her woe.

But vain are sublunary joys,
Oft preluding man's ill;
And gladness that one's grief uncloys
May turn to sorrow still.

Thus Pinny ope'd one little eye,
Then closed it fast in death!
Whilst Betty heaved a heavy sigh
That stopped awhile her breath.

And much we wept, and much we said,
But ah! of no avail;
No friend have I, my Pinny dead,
No Pinny, save his tail!

Then weep my cruel fate with me,
The damsel loud did wail;
No friend have I, my Pinny dead,
No Pinny save his tail.

The Alphabet Scripturalized.

WRITTEN FOR LITTLE SARAH O——.

A was Agrippa you read of with Paul,
B was the Bible, the best book of all;
C the high-priest, Caiaphas by name,
D David, he that Goliath o'ercame;
E was Elijah, a prophet in sooth,
F the King Felix, who trembled at truth;
G was Gamaliel, long dead and gone,
H cruel Herod, who murdered Saint John;
I was old Israel, a theme for my pen,
J Jesus Christ the great Saviour of men;
K was the Kenite, in Genesis look—
L restored Lazarus and also Saint Luke;
M Matthew, Mark, and old Moses the Jew,
N Noah famed, of the old world and new;

O the Mount Olives, where Christ went to pray,
P cruel Pilate his life took away;
Q was that Queen who to Solomon came,
R Rehoboam, a chief of high fame;
S the meek Samuel, Samson, and Saul,
T the young Timothy well known of all;
U was that Uz where afflicted Job dwelt,
V the true Vine, meaning Christ truly spelt;
W was the Watch o'er Christ's body of yore,
X seems the Cross which our dear Saviour bore;
Y the Young maid who danced Herod before,
Z Zaanaim, and Zared, and Zoar.

The Village Funeral.

What sable throng slow moving through the trees
Is that, with measured steps and thoughtful mien,
With downcast looks and hearts estranged from ease,
With eyes wherein the tear-drop stands serene?
Two nymphs before this sorrowing band are seen
Of equal size, array'd in robes of light;
Of heavenly mould and heavenly form they seem,
So meek, so chaste, in garbs of snowy white,
As hither pacing sadly slow they near my sight.

'Tis Henry Jackson's funeral—pious youth!
Behind the corpse the parents walk and weep;
Unused to guile and early train'd to truth,
He kept the law, with those who sacred keep;
He sought the Lord with those who early seek,
Nor sought in vain—adopted soon was he;
And here awhile, though death his body keep,
The monster hath no lasting victory,
For Henry soon shall rise with those the blest who be.

In seemly order two by two they come,
Towards the decent church-yard on the hill,
Where yawns the grave—a sorrowing sight to some!
Where pride, ambition, envy, strife are still.
And now they rest within the porch until
The man of God prepares the sacred rite,
And much behoves us all at His dread will
To yield assent, who gave us life and light,
Nor grieve at ought His wisdom sees to do aright.

This done they onward hie, the priest before,
Who cons each prayer with mildest, meekest grace;
And well is mark'd, I ween, his heavenly lore,
So much alike befitting time and place;
Intent they gaze and listen face to face,
As ranged around each side the grave they stand;
Well pleased to hear, regardless time and space,
That death but wafts us to a happier land,
Where all is fadeless joy, and peace, and pleasure bland.

Towards the coffin each with anxious gaze
Directs his eye, a look, the last to take;
All mute they stand and ponder on the ways
(How most secrete!) of Him who for their sake
Died once a shameful death, yet, dying brake
The bonds of death and sin, the grave and hell;
At whose dread voice again shall Henry wake,
And rise renew'd, redeeming grace to tell,
To sing redeeming love in joys unspeakable.

The corpse let down, a solemn pause ensues;
The sexton, with his spade, attendant stands,
A heedless wight! who carelessly pursues
The murderous deeds of death, with unstain'd hands.
And now full sore are tortur'd nature's bands,
As on the corpse the kindred clod is seen;
The priest meanwhile a holier awe commands
As thus to heaven he points the road serene,
And "dust to dust," our lot, concludes the solemn scene.

Pleasure—A Fragment.

Pleasure an *ignes-fatuus* deemed by all,
More beautifully fair than famed Diana,
Than Venus wantoner, whom poets call
The coquette of the skies.—Old Israel's manna
Came down from heaven, and pleasure at the Fall
Colleagued with mother Eve—a fair sultana
Or female deity she seemed when she
(Eve) pluck'd the fatal apple off the tree.

Saint Austin reckon'd hearty laughter sin,
Another saint, the painting of women's faces,
Which—when deduc'd—he maketh near akin
To Satan's wiles and wicked quaint grimaces—
And thence takes liberty to dub the thing
Hell-born, and destined too.—A woeful case is
This for the ladies, if old saints like Jerome
Can be relied on,—otherwise Saint Hierome.

A pleasure pure, discreet—and only this—
Like any modern stoic I approve of,
But then the simply painting one's own phiz
Were no great matter this for grace to shove off
And draw damnation down on one.—A kiss
I've often known the guilty rouge remove off,
And transfer to the gemman's longing lips
A taste unlike the nectar Juno sips:—

Especially when heated, ripe and sweet,
And when the cheek, all conscious of its dye,
Flushes a full vermilion hue—as meet
It should, when press'd—and the long stifled sigh
Bursts forth, and quickening at the pulse's beat,
Lilies and roses with each other vie!—
O then, what extacy—bliss beyond measure—
When love, and rouge, and rapture blend together.

But such the insignificance of all
  Treasur'd, terrestrial, entrancing nonsense,
That even following pleasure at her call—
  Which one sometimes may do, that is, in one sense,
As thus employ'd we stumble on the stall
  Where knowledge best is bought—we see the wrong sense
In which we held the word, and thence conclude,
And act accordingly—as right we should.

A little love, a little friendship, a
  Little religion and a little sinning;
A little pleasure so call'd—by the way
  Sin's old concomitant from the beginning,
As heat with fire or darkness in the day—
  A little losing and a little winning;
A little matrimonial care and strife
After a little calm—and here is life!

A Cry for the City Milliner.

Ye ladies fair of Albion's isle,
  One little moment spare,
And turn your eyes with me awhile
  To yonder workroom, where
Your sister-women, Fashion's mutes,
  Sit gasping for the air!

For you is blanch'd the youthful cheek,
  For you is glazed the eye;
Oh! think as in the ball you sweep
  With stars and orders high,
How many pangs your toilets yield,
  How many a tear and sigh!

From morning dawn to midnight deep
They ply the weary trade,
Small space of time allowed for sleep,
To speak well-nigh afraid ;
Come death, disease, whatever may,
Fashion must be obey'd .

A dream is o'er that sleeping room,
(Twelve death-like sleepers there),
One plucks the flowers of rich perfume,
Of choicest tints and rare ;
Or chases high the dragon-fly
In field or arbour fair.

Indulge thy dreams of home, poor maid!
The mind to range is free ;
A heavy bell is at thy head
To wake thy mates and thee,
Another day of ceaseless toil
With swimming brain to see.

The milk-maid carols o'er her pail,
And drives afield the kine,
Her voice makes vocal hill and dale—
Of health the certain sign ;
Upon her cheeks wild roses bloom—
The lily pales on thine!

The mining and the factory boy
Are cared for more than thou ;
Yet thou wert once a mother's joy—
That mother sainted now—
Who looketh down from heaven above
With sadness on her brow!

The cuckoo's voice is in the air ;
Uprising from the main
The sun combs out his golden hair,

And mounts his car again ;—
She never hears the cuckoo's voice,
Nor feels the day-god's reign.

What marvel that on Sabbath-day
The Church is shunn'd by these ?
What marvel that the feelings stray
To country nooks and trees ?
And talking brooks and new mown hay,
And blossoms, birds, and bees ?

Oh ! spare your sympathy for those
Beyond the western main,
Whose ebon skins at once disclose
Of slavery the stain ;
But first in Albion's cities full
Go break the Sempstress' chain !

On Watchfulness.

'What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch !'

In fell temptation's trying hour,
When sin incites and dangers lower,
And darkness holds her reign and power,
Watch !

In busy haunts of men, where art
And gain arrest the eye and heart,
On crowded 'change or bustling mart,
Watch !

Where Pleasure waves her gorgeous wing,
And Beauty flaunts—a gorgeous thing,
And Vice seems impotent of sting,
Watch !

When on thy cheek of health the hue
Presides, and thou art 'well to do,'
In wealth abounding, goods not few,
Watch!

When friends uprise and bless the day
They met thee on life's troublous way—
Their 'benefactor, staff, and stay,'
Watch!

In sickness, health, in joy or dole,
Watch—and in peace possess thy soul;
In life's meridian, wane, and goal,
Watch!

On Prayer.

'Pray without ceasing.'

Amid the world's tumultuous strife,
When at each footstep demons rife
Would vitiate thy spotless life,
Pray!

When in the furnace all must bear,
Who hope a crown of bliss to share—
That furnace fell how hot soe'er,
Pray!

At morning dawn with opening light,
Sound sleep vouchsafed thee through the night,
On bended knee, with heart upright,
Pray!

At evening's close the theme renew—
For life prolong'd the past day through;
To God of right all praise is due,
Pray!

On land or stormy main afar,
Beneath the pole or austral star,
Where thunders roll and tempests jar,
Pray!

At dawn of youth, in manhood's bloom,
And when approaching near the gloom
Of yon dark valley by the tomb,
Pray!

Ceaseless and fervent ever pray,
Come health, come wealth, whatever may;
In sorrow, joy, by night, by day,
Pray!

Valentine to a Young Lady who bit her Finger-Nails.

When yonder sun forgets to shine,
And every season fails,
Perhaps I'll take a Valentine
Who bites her finger-nails.

Light is the Spirit.

Light is the spirit
And free as the air
That doth not inherit
The gangrene of care;
That never repines at
Whate'er may befal,
But calmly—serenely,
Bears up against all.

In the spring-time of life
We each vision pursue,
Let come gladness or strife,
So the object be new;
But a few summers more
And the bright visions fade,
Whilst the fancy broods o'er
The designs it had made.

Where are the friends
Of my juvenile years?
Our aims and our ends,
With our hopes and our fears?
Where are the objects
Once forming 'sweet home'—
Acquaintances, relatives,
Where? ask the tomb!

The cot of my birth
Is remov'd from its place:
I view the green earth,
Void of beauty or grace;
In the sky-climbing mountain
No grandeur I see,
And the streamlet of nature
Is nothing to me.

I stand on yon hill,
Through all ages the same,
And survey at my will
Distant valley and plain;
Then I sigh for the scenes
I have left me behind—
But the balm for a spirit bruis'd
Where can I find?

The heart in its loneliness
Bleeds at the core;
The time draweth near
It shall never bleed more,—

The silent hour cometh
When calm I shall rest
With the lark high above me,
The sod on my breast.

The Prisoner of Wilhelmshoe.

FOR A MEDAL.

'The man of destiny!' but yesterday
He went to conquer in his fancied might—
An Alpine eagle in his skyward flight.
Legion on legion, each in bright array,
Await his orders, own his martial sway;
What were to him the hearths made desolate?
Was he not Cæsar, and his will not fate?
Let all the nations tremble and obey.

REVERSE.

A startled world heard with astonishment,
And serried hosts stood ready to contest
That claim to sovereign rule, to sole behest.
Where now his legions? to destruction sent!
Himself a prisoner in durance pent,
Unorbed, unthroned, unpitied, and unblest,
The Sphynx at bay, so long the world's unrest,
Let France and Europe now remain content.

Telegram.—King William, Versailles, to his Consort at Berlin.

JANUARY, 1871.

Five armies of the French have pass'd
Like smoke before our legions vast;
Paris hath quail'd beneath our arms,
Europe—the world—in dire alarms;
Thousands and thousands by our sword
Like sheep lie slaughter'd—bless the Lord!

An old Durham Pitman's View of the Past and Present.

Ay, lork-a-daisey, hinnies how!
The hyel warld's kickin' up a row
Aboot huz pitmen, that, lang syne,
Were cared aboot ne mair nor swine;
Aw mind the time when, every pay,
We booz'd and drank wor brass away,
An' play'd at quoits for quaarts o' rum,
An' punds o' patent shag, begum!
Ne pollis then! At pitch an' toss
Aw's warn'd it wasn't me to loss.
Where aw was bred we used to get
Young duicks, and roast alive the set,
An' chickens te; but noo, ye see,
There's nowt mischievous yen can de.
Shud duicks be stown and roasted hyel,
The pollis sweers he saw't hissel;
Shud twee men fight he's a'ways there—
Noo this is what aw call not fair,
For suin they'll fight it oot agyen—
They might as weel been left alyen.

Its eight-and-thirty years sin aw
Fit forty rounds wi' Ritchie Shaw;
Aw brak his collar-byen, and he
Tuik pennyworths, aw's warn'd, o' me.
There's now't but lecters noo—see capers,
See buiks they hev, and printed papers!
Yen fellow t'other neet—ye'll stare—
Was lecterin about a hair!
He sad 'twas hollow—that he know'd—
(He mun be gannin Bedlam road).
Another neet 'twas 'bout a feather—
Twee subjects an' yen fuil together.
Folks never fash'd their heeds wi' these,
Lang syne, on Tyne, or Wear, or Tees,
They leev'd as lang, an' luiked as weel—
Thur new fallals aw canna skeel.
Sanchers! at Shiney-Raw, yen day,
Poor Dickey Crankey, at the pay,
And me drank yell till a' was blue—
Gox! whe cud stan' see drinkin' noo?
We brak the windows oot o' sport—
Next week they browt us te the court.
The magistrator says, says he,
'You colliers look this way at me.
'What was the quantity of ale
'You drank that day! Now do not fail
'The truth to speak.' Says aw, aw'll tell—
''Twas eighty-an'-forty quaarts o' yell,
'An' please your Lordship.' 'What,' says he,
'You do not mean that two of ye
'Put all this ale into your crop?'
'Aw div, sir; we drank ivery drop!
'Pay the good woman all expense,
'With costs, and, wicked men, go hence.'
Noo twenty pints 'ill send twe chaps
Heed foremost doon the yell-house steps;

Men noo can nowther fight nor drink—
The warld 'ill suin be duin, aw think.

Smash! 'twas a miss wor last greet strike—
It brak hyel scores o' shops bekrike!
They turned us out o' doors, ye knaw,
Te lie i' lonnens 'mang the snaw!
They say they're wiser noo, the hewers,
Then forty years sine were the viewers—
That strikes 'ill niver come agyen
Atween the maisters an' the men.
What for? Men should'nt be knock'd doon,
An' wark coal-wark for half-a-croon
A ten-hours' shift—it isn't reet—
But, marrow, thou and me can see't,
They want to keep the dodges up,
Ne matter whe has bite or sup.
They want the brass, they're not sec fuils,
To buy up buiks and set up skuils.
Aw never lairn'd the rule o' three,
An' whe's a cleverer chap nor me
Iv Kenton wark or Hebburn main?
Iv Marley Hill or Annfield Plain?
But noo the keeker's lads to lairn
Things that wad myed wor faythers gairn
To heer them spoken—French for yen—
It's a fair bizon and a shem!
What for's the boolin duin away,
An' cock and dog-fights every pay?
What for a body mayn't spanghew
Young duiks and nesty paddocks now?
If things much langer drive this way,
Aw'll cut me stick for 'Straliaye,
An fight an booze, an rampadge there—
Aw'll never hew a coal-wall mair!
Yen's fairly skumfish'd oot o' hand
Wiv all their falderals se grand.

Thor penny readins, penny papers,
Should be put down, an' all seck capers;
An' Mister Government, se strang,
Should snub them, or its ower lang—
Leestwise the Queen should put them doon,
For mense's sake iv ivery toon.

A Hymn of Thanksgiving on the Recovery of the Prince of Wales.

FEBRUARY 27TH, 1872.

When Israel in affliction
Besought the Lord on high,
In grief and self-abasement,
He heard His people's cry
To aid them, and deliver
From out the heathen's hand;
And sorrow into joy was changed
Throughout the favour'd land.

A strong tower is Jehovah,
From age to age the same;
In deptl. of woe Britannia
Invoked His holy name,
To raise from bed of anguish
Her prince of gentle blood,
When sorrow at each loyal heart
Had enter'd like a flood.

O, sing Jehovah's praises,
Ye islands of the main!
Your prince by His salvation
Is raised to life again!
He, late the fever's victim,
With loving thousands by,
Now raises a thank-offering
To Israel's God most high.

And long may Albert Edward
A hallow'd sense retain
Of all the Healer's benefits,
A balm for every pain;
And let Britannia magnify
The Hand of Mercy seen,
That gives the nations back their Prince,
A son to our good Queen.

A Bishop on the "Permissive Bill."

Good Peterborough's bishop—don't you see?—
Would rather that the nation should be free,
Than sober without freedom what to be,—
Sir Wilfred will be tickled with Magee.
To water beverage he won't incline,
But likes his freedom mingled with his wine.

SONGS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

They told her Sire of all our Love.

ARRANGED TO MUSIC.

I knew her in her young teen days,
When life was fresh and new,
A rosebud tinged with sunny rays,
A fairy form to view ;
And with an ardent passion sought
Her hand—I deem'd her true—
And she return'd the flame, methought,
As only love could do.
Sweet lady! since that happy day
How many years have pass'd away!

Wealth was not mine—yet I had one
Good treasure to bestow,
A heart that beat for her alone,
In gladness or in woe ;—
A courage form'd to stem the tide
Of fortune's adverse flow,
A being that, by her dear side,
Misfortune none could know.
The Indies' wealth, had it been mine
To give, sweet lady! had been thine.

They told her sire of all our love,
My lot, they said, was poor ;
They urged her to forego my suit,
To quench a flame so pure.

Long, long, they urged her to comply—
And oh! for evermore
One heart is steep'd in agony,
And smitten at the core!
And on that cheek, and on that brow,
Undying grief is settled now.

The Cypress Shade.

The cypress shade! the cypress shade!
Where lock'd in death the dear youth's laid,
My mourner be the cypress tree,
With weeping foliage all array'd.

And side by side where we are laid,
Beneath the sombre cypress shade,
There let us keep the dreamless sleep!
A tomb our ardent love has made.

She died—they sought the cypress shade,
And laid her where her love was laid;
Now daisies grow where lie below
This constant youth and faithful maid.

On the First Grand Musical Festival held at Newcastle.

O! have you not heard of the musical festival,
Each other performance eclipsing by far?
High and low, rich and poor, sirs, declare it the best of all
Since Apollo invented the harp or guitar.
Then hark to my song, gemmen, pull out your rhino,
And purchase a ticket your seats to forestall;
For to hear the great Braham and famed Catalina,
Were well worth your while, and your money and all.

The lark carols loud, and the nightingale *solus*
Charms the ear of the wanderer laden with care;
Here nature and art concentrated seem no less
Than the famed Polly Stephens in 'Robin Adair.'
O! the pleasures of song in thy hands, maiden pretty!
The blue waves of ocean wild melody play,
And the robin how sweet chanting o'er his love ditty,
But softer and sweeter thine 'Auld Robin Gray.'

Now, Fame puff thy trumpet in favour of harmony,
Let the bright sons of concert all throng to her mart;
Mellifluously bland, her soft pathos would charm any
Of feeling possess'd, or a sensitive heart.
Whether passions annoy or chill poverty freeze us,
Thy skill, matchless Braham, our tone can restore;
Though the fangs of oppression and tyranny seize us,
At once burst the bonds in thy 'Wallace' of yore.

O Mary, Dear.

O Mary, dear, O Mary, love!
Come kneel thee down by me,
Yon vestal moon, this night, my love,
Our parting shall not see;
Of roses speckled o'er with dew
I'll weave a wreath for thee,
But while the queen of night rolls on
Our parting shall not be.

Then rest thee here, O Mary, love!
Beneath this hawthorn tree,
And let these eyes smile on, my love,
As they were wont—on me;
And lean thy head upon this breast,
Which beats with love to thee,
And I will deem myself more blest
Than aught on earth can be.

Frank Stanley.

A PARODY ON 'LORD LOVEL.'

Frank Stanley he sat at his office desk,
A scanning his ledger A,
When in came Miss Sophia Dunn—
She promised to call that day, day, day,
She promised to call that day.

'Now, what are you after, Frank Stanley,' she said,
'Now, what are you doing?' said she.
'I'm scanning,' he said, 'my books of trade,
'What footing I hold for to see, see, see,
'What footing I hold for to see.'

'And how does it loom in the future,' she said,
'The future for you and me?'
'In a month or less I'll be in a mess,
'In the court of bankruptcy, cy, cy, cy,
'In the court of bankruptcy.'

He scarcely had utter'd these fatal words—
Most fatal sure to her,
When all of a sudden Sophia Dunn
In a swoon fell on to the floor, floor, floor,
In a swoon fell on to the floor.

Frank Stanley had promised to marry Miss Dunn,
His wife she had vow'd to be;
But now what hope in life's drama for them,
On the eve of bankruptcy, cy, cy, cy,
On the eve of bankruptcy?

They strove to awaken Sophia Dunn,
With salts of lemon in store;
But the lady was dead, the old clerk said,
A-lying upon the floor, floor, floor,
A-lying upon the floor.

'Now woe is me, and alack the day!
'Now woe is me,' said Frank;
Then his throat he cut with a piece of glass,
And into her arms he sank, sank, sank,
And into her arms he sank.

A coroner's jury was summon'd next day,
At the sign of the Angel and Dove;
And here you've the verdict of twelve good men,
This couple they died of love, love, love,
This couple they died of love.

Sophia, she died at five of the clock,
Frank Stanley died about six;
They buried these lovers in one deep grave,
All wall'd inside with bricks, bricks, bricks,
All wall'd inside with bricks.

Frank's mother she took to her bed and died,
His father and sisters went mad;
So here is an end to each lover and friend,
Also to this ditty so sad, sad, sad,
Also to this ditty so sad.

Wait for the Ballot.

AIR—'Wait for the Waggon.'

Our motto's long been 'forward,' as bygone years can tell,
The strength of public feeling no studied slight can quell;
One friend of open progress, a pilot for the storm,
Is honest Bright, the Quaker: he'll give us all reform.
Wait for the ballot, wait for the ballot,
Wait for the ballot; we'll all have reform.

Be active, Johnny Russell, display your promised list,
What boroughs new will you create, what boroughs will be miss'd.
Not long ago you promised a further grand reform,
To legislate for bigger burghs, the lesser ones to storm.
Wait for the ballot, wait for the ballot,
Wait for the ballot; we'll all get reform.

Lord Derby, too, is ready with schedules A and B,
A bill in preparation to enfranchise you and me;
With Dizzy at his elbow, the citadel to storm,
Friend Bright will be out-Heroded by Derby's reform.
Wait for the ballot, wait for the ballot,
Wait for the ballot; we'll all get reform.

O yes, there'll be the ballot, most requisite of all,
The working-man's sheet anchor, protecting him from thrall;
A vote's not worth the having unless you claim this right—
Hurrah for the ballot-box! hurrah for Johnny Bright.
Wait for the ballot, wait for the ballot,
Wait for the ballot; we'll all vote aright.

Sung at a School Examination.

AIR—'God Save the Queen.'

Born in a favour'd age,
None through life's pilgrimage
Need lag behind;
Learning at every door,
(Never the like before),
Daily is tendered more
Food for the mind.

Progress the order all,
Progress for great and small,
  Earnest of soul,—
Whether in science, art,
Arms, or the busy mart;
Be not thou faint of heart,
  Press to the goal.

Life, though a span at most,
Should not be ever lost
  In low design;
Hold sloth thine enemy,
Onwards! thy motto be—
Thou hast the victory,
  All shall be thine.

The Love-slighted.

The lark enraptured mounts the air,
  And warbles out her lay,
The lambkins gambol here and there,
  And meadows flaunt so gay;—
But *he* is gone whose presence fair
  Could fill with bliss the day.

The long green lanes o'erhung with May,
  The streamlet murmuring by,
The cloud-kiss'd hills far, far away,
  All charm the musing eye;
But what can bliss to me convey,
  Without his presence nigh?

Sing on, thou lark, be Love thy song,
  To Heaven's gate on the wing,
Thou, linnet in the brake, prolong
  The notes, and tuneful sing;
I heed ye not—my peace is gone,
  A lost love-slighted thing!

Alas, She Reigns in this Fond Heart.

How canst thou, loved one, turn away,
And to my look deign no reply?
Thy voice I must not hear; but say,
Canst thou not answer with thine eye?
For this to me would well repay
The tear, the heart-ache, and the sigh.

I pace the town, frequent the mart,
And strive her image to forget;
Alas! she reigns in this fond heart
Enthroned, with all the graces set;—
Yet has she not one trace of art
My passion all and love to whet,

O, cruellest—O, dearest one!
Assuage my sorrows with thine eye;
What fault of mine, or said or done,
With look askance to pass me by?
And other solace have I none
If, lady, thou this boon deny.

The Potatoe.

Let others to wine and to love tune their song,
Or to Mars the bold God of fell slaughter and arms!
I chant the potatoe both loudly and long,
The root that gaunt hunger at once well disarms:
The stomach he'll fill
At your service and will,
Indigestion will shun him and head-ache take flight;
He's the monarch of roots,
Of the land the first fruits,
O! the mealy potatoe's my joy and delight.

The prince and the peasant his virtues proclaim,
In the cot or the palace, all reeking in steam;
In dress or undress you behold him the same,
Ever prone to your service—a bulb of esteem.
The platter he'll grace
With his crack'd honest face—
Spinach, cabbage, and brocoli, *exeunt!* we cry;
No twingings we feel
Having him with each meal—
O! the mealy potatoe be sure that you buy.

That few knew his worth till he slacken'd his growth
In a tiff, some few years ago, all must agree;
In the country that boasts of her big Hill of Howth,
And her *nate* Bog of Allan, 'twas piteous to see
How the boys on each hill
And each valley grew ill,
How they died by long hundreds at old Skibbereen;
Not the praties we gave them
Intirely could save them—
Ochone! to the day when one could not be seen.

He is dark-red, and pink-red, bestudded with eyes,
Light-hued for the most part, in shape multiform;
He is small like the *Khoo-i*, a much envied prize,
Increasing each week amid sunshine and storm.
When to market you bring
Him at once he stands king,
All eyes at this age on his beauties are set;
With skin of the finest
He looks the sublimest
Of all the good things in the market we get.

A wise head was his who imported the same
From the valleys and slopes of the mighty far West,
A statue of silver to hand down whose name
(Better late be than never) were deed of the best.

'He who makes grass-blades two
'To spring up where one grew
'Is the friend of his kind'—*vide* Swift, Patrick's dean;
He who gave us the 'tatoe,
By Plato and Cato!
A greater philanthropist never was seen.

On Laying the Foundation Stone, by the Duke of Sussex, of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle.

(1822.)

O smash! was thou there for to see sec a seet—
Thou may crack o' the 'Sizes, the Baarges, and Race,
But aw nivvor seed owt the purcesshun to beet
When the styen was laid down i' that funny nyem'd place.
Duik Sussex cam doon for to see'd reet an' clivvor,
An' a' the reformers cam wiv him, yor sure;
Wor owner was there tee, brave Lambton for ivvor,
That's sec a greet man for the reets o' the poor.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

They tuik oot the horses and yoked thorsels in,
An' scamper'd frev Gyetside as fast as could be,
But aw'll nivor forget a' the noise an' the din
Wi' folks on each side a' se anxious to see.
The Mayor an' the Sheriff, te welcome the stranger,
Myed a spoke on the brig as he cam into toon;
But aw cuddent heer much, for me life was i' danger—
Smash! aw thowt by the weight that Tyne Brig might fa' doon.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

The shops then shut up, an' the bells fell a-ringin',
The streets suin were thranger then on wor pay-day;
The bairns runnin' daft, the folks rantin' an' singin',
So aw off wi' me hat an' aw goller'd hurra!
B' this time aw'd getten chock under an aarch, man,
An' let o' Bill Stubbs, when we byeth did agree
To stand still an' luik at the Freemasons maarch man,
An' mebbies we might chance Duik Sussex to see.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

But to tell what was there wad be tellen ne lee—
See swoords strite an' crooked, an' cullers se grand,
See mony wax candles an' candle-sticks tee,
Forbye a round globe thing an' fine music band.
Then the Duik!—smash aw goller'd see hard when aw saw 'im,
Myed a' the folks stare that wer stannin' aboot;
Next up comes his standert chep—what is't ye ca' 'im,
So he myed a fine boo an' aw gave a greet shout.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

Says a keelman, 'We needn't wark onny mair noo,
'Stn' the shuls i' wor hands can be turn'd into goold,
'For we'll a' be greet men'—gox! aw wish it was true,
As we waddint wi' maisters be ower sair ruled.
So when aw begun for to ax mair aboot it,
He'd heerd that some lang-sout extonishing styen
Had been fund at Newcassel, he didn't much doot it,
But lork! hinnies how! aw've forgotten its nyem.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

Says aw, aw've heerd speek o' the styen that ye tell on,
But niver afore ken'd how this yen was it;
Se, if it bees true, smash! each man i' the Fellin'
'Ill hev a goold shovel and hack for the pit.
Success to the Duik an' the styen that's se queer, man,
Aw wad tell ye far mair but away aw mun gan,
Me shift's comin' on, so off hyem aw mun steer, man,
An' tell a' the news o' Newcassel to Nan.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

Hail, Beautiful Night!

The lady moon is high aloft,
  Watch'd by one little star,
The pensive lake, a mirror meet,
  Reflects them from afar;
No zephyr soft is forth to-night,
  From perfumed meadows borne;
The owl is out till morning light,
  The landrail's in the corn.
    Hail! beautiful night,
    With the pale moonlight—
    Beautiful, beautiful night!

The old mill-wheel is resting now,
  The trout is in the stream,
The sleepy kine are up the brow,
  And sheep in pastures green;
The dewdrop diamonds all the mead—
  The bloom is on the thorn;
Silence is near, with stealthy tread,
  By haunted brook and burn.
    Hail! beautiful night,
    With the pale moonlight—
    Beautiful, beautiful night!

And Mary comes, a spirit fair,
  To meet me in the grove;
Ye moon and stars, all witness bear
  How full of faith our love!
Her tear is purer than the dew
  That glistens on the thorn,
Her tones more sweet than melody
  Of birds at early morn.
    Hail! beautiful night,
    With the pale moonlight—
    Beautiful, beautiful night!

England's Favour'd Isle.

AIR.—"Partant pour la Syrie."

The rose it is a pleasant flower,
It blooms in gardens gay;
The lily sheds a perfume rich
To greet the rising day;
The lark that fans the fleecy cloud
His carol trills the while:
No foreign land can boast the charms
Of England's favour'd isle.

Her youth, of brave and loyal heart,
Her banners bear afar,
Where dastard crime and cruelty
Provoke the rightful war;
Or should the foe, on ruin bent,
Invade our native land,
They instant to the rescue rush,
And drive him from the strand.

O! tell me not of sunny skies,
And regions far away,
They have not there the thorn-set lanes,
With gems on every spray;
There liberty of speech and pen
Is lagging in the rear,
A ban is on the giant press,
And freedom quails in fear.

I will not go to *France la Grande*,
I will not dwell in Rome;
I have no zest for other lands,
For England is my home.
I love the song of English birds,
I love her wayside flowers—
Her cottages and green, green lanes,
Old halls and old church towers.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

To George Elliot, Esq., M.P. for North Durham, on his Election.

Fain would I sound a note of praise for thee,
Dear George! mine olden and enduring friend,
One of the people—able to defend
Our local interests and prosperity;
I hail thy fortune, and rejoice to see
Thy name throughout the poll the topmost one—
The North Division claims thee for her son,
A source of labour and of industry.
Again I give thee joy of victory,
Well earned and well achieved. A useful sphere
Is open to thy talents—persevere,
And show the nation what a man can be
Who from the ranks hath risen, year by year,
To science, wealth, renown, triumphantly.

Our Country Churches.

The time-old fanes lie scatter'd on each hand,
By ancient hamlet and baronial hall,
On mountain slope, by wood and water-fall,
At once the grace and blessing of our land,
Here a tall spire, and there a tower so grand,
All venerable in their age and fame;
The rooks aloft caw-cawing, still the same,
The belfry tenants ill to understand.

Here is the old 'God's acre,' with a text
On every stone to teach who lingers by
The need of watchfulness, fell death so nigh,
A sprite with all his labours unperplex'd—
The stones discoursing of this world and next,
The pointed spire alluring to the sky.

Summer.

High on his throne the day-god waves around
O'er all the sphere his oriflamme of life;
Earth, air, and sky seem prodigally rife
With love and blessing beyond measure's bound.
The coming harvest bending to the ground,
The laden trees in stately orchard rows,
The gay parterre in rich luxuriance found,
All tell of God who thus His bounty throws
To man in mitigation of the woes
His state is blended with. Let none deride—
God is *all* love, but chiefly so to those
(How few soe'er the number) who confide
On His high providence to life's full close,
Who take Him for their portion and their guide.

Autumn.

Hail! lady matron of the staid-eyed eve,
And humid morn of short surrounding girth,
All stately as along the dewey earth
Voiceless thou walkest queen, o'erjoy'd to leave
On all thy mellowing stamp! The farmer pays
To thee his tribute, when the golden ear
Waves heavy in the breeze, a dubious year
Of anxious hope repaying—and repays
With grateful mirth and merriment thy smile,

All bounteous parent! when the stackyard owns
An annual fresh supply, and laden moans
Each well fill'd bending granary the while,
And barn and outhouse.—Take the offering due,
Thine is the song, the sonnet thine, and strathspey too.

Reflection.

Art thou, O man, elate with pomp and pride?
Go to the lone church-yard at evening hour,
And muse upon those hillocks, side by side.
Is health robust thy blessing and thy dower?
Inspect yon hospital where, shorn of power,
Youth on low pallet lies a prey to pain,
With fever rack'd and ever burning brain,
Where varied deaths stand ready to devour.
Art thou with learning and with knowledge bless'd?
Thrice happy! if combined with wisdom meek,
Whose 'ways are ways of pleasantness' confess'd,—
No taint from act of hers shall flush thy cheek;
Thine be the wisdom of that ancient Greek,
To 'know thyself,' a motto fit for crest.

Garibaldi.

Honour to Garibaldi! Speed the cause
Of liberty and freedom near and far!
Better to die a thousand deaths in war,
Securing human right, than tamely pause
And pine in bonds till doom. Italia's laws
Are of the past—her rulers of the time
When might was right. The age is now in prime,
And despotism in rage his own flesh gnaws.
Death to all tyrants and to tyranny!
A cloud no bigger than a human hand

Hath risen on the shores of Sicily—
Lo, it increaseth! Garibaldi's band
Is marching side by side with Liberty—
They march to certain conquest, wisely plann'd.

London.

Unlike the Phœnix, London *ever* lives,
Proud is each British heart of her high fame;
A thousand charities exalt her name,
The more she getteth, lo, the more she gives!
Foremost in commerce, her connections lie
O'er every continent, in every land;
Her fleets bespeck the ocean, crowd the strand,
Her merchant princes others all outvie;
Commerce the source whence riches multiply.
Nor is our London famed in science less,
In arts unrivall'd, neighbouring states confess;
Her monuments of skill strike every eye.
Her noble river is the city's pride,—
Long prosper London by Thames' busy tide.

CONTINUED.

'Tis night—high prime of night—and still the boom
Of the huge Babel permeates my rest;
Of what and whom are people all in quest?
A thousand lights dispel the midnight gloom,
Music is rife in theatre and room.
I ponder on the City, all intent,
A study of itself with wisdom blent,
Coeval with the nation's is her doom.
What ancient Thebes, or Rome, or Babylon,
Could equal London in her rightful fame?
Where Carthage, Nineveh and Ilion? Gone!
Each leaves behind a blemish on its name.
Our London flourishes, all time the same,—
O, may she down time's current flourish on!

Heaton Dene.

Dear native dene! where first the spring, led on
By changeful April, courts the linnet's strain,
And Flora fair o'er sloping hill and plain
Bespangles earth with rubies, many a one,
Of soft and silken touch! Accept the lay
A loving heart would raise, dear native dene!
For still I view thy woods, asleep and green,
With feelings such as on a former day—
For thoughts of home and youth can ne'er decay.
I view each object with a changeless eye—
The babbling brook, the bold bank towering high,
With rocky cliffs whose grandeur strikes dismay;
These are the same, save here and there where art
Hath made encroachment foul on nature's part.

CONTINUED.

Why should my spirit court the silent shade,
And sigh for ripplets in the busy town?
I'm weary of full cities, noise, and trade,
And fain do wish in peace to lie me down
By some clear stream, its sides with lindens grown,
And reason with the fays my grass-couch nigh;
Or with some favour'd author all my own,
Hold secret conference as there I lie.
Fain would my fancy with a brightening eye
Recal past days, renew each boyish scene,
What time, the rolling sun in Cancer high,
I chased the minnow in my native dene,
Or skimm'd well taught, whene'er my form I'd lave,
The glassy surface of the fetter'd wave.

Finchale Abbey.

O Finchale! with thy ivy-cover'd walls,
Thy hoary mouldings and grey moss-clad cells,
Where contemplation o'er the prospect dwells,
What change the stately and the great befals!
These crypts and cloisters, once the hallow'd home
Of monk and vestal, now are dank and foul,
Where quadrupeds unclean locate and roam,
And where aloft is heard the noisome owl
Loud screeching to the moon. Winds sigh and moan
Within these cells all desolate and bare,
As sprites in hood and cowl peramble there,
Of sullen gait and low unearthly tone.
Wear murmurs in accord, whilst all around
Inspires with the belief 'tis sacred ground.

To Peter Allen, Marsden Rock.

O thou, whose soul romantic peers above
The billows' roar, and on old Marsden's steep,
That crowns with frowning majesty the deep,
Dost all obstruction, all dismay remove,
And chaseth thence the sea-fowl from her seat,
Accept this sonnet, Peter, in thy praise!
Who teachest us with firm unflinching feet,
To scale the craggy cliff with steadfast gaze.
Wight of the storm! whom Neptune in amaze
Well pleas'd beholds with wonder-rolling eye,
Sage history shall bind thy brow with bays,
And local bards belaud thee to the sky.
Joy guide thy guests! light-hearted may they be
Who view thy ocean cot, and drink thy tea.

July.

Now earth luxuriates 'neath furthering skies;
The corn-ear shoots above the strengthy blade,
The landrail shrieketh in the vernant shade,
Yon lark each morn and evening heavenward flies,
Paying to God its tuneful sacrifice.
Profusion bursts upon the ravish'd sight;—
Rich vales and plains, in waving beauty dight,
Rejoice the farmer and the labourer's eyes.

How better than man's fears is Providence!
The deluge rain hath spent itself at last,
Cold winds have sung their lullaby, and past,
All now is love, warmth, life, in recompence:
O, for a thankful heart, firm faith and fast,
To honour God in his full prescience!

August.

Bright Sol irradiates this nether ball,
Whilst Luna nightly lends her aid to lead
The harvest to the sickle. Now the mead
You cannot note by wood or waterfall—
Mown, won, and carted, safely stack'd withal;
The cornfield bends a greeting as you pass,
Or, sleeping motionless, a crispy mass,
Ripens 'neath sultry suns, well fill'd and tall.
Clear out the stack-yard for the coming store,
Inspect the wains, put all the geer in trim,
Off to the 'Shop' with Jumper and old Grim,
Get ribbons for their tails two yards or more;
Next week they will be at it, late and sore,
When far afield the harvest home they bring.

Glasgow.—Sabbath Morning.

The streets how vacant in the busy town!
The labour and the din of trade all done,
In-doors the high and lowly, every one,
No voice is heard, each blind and shutter down;
Steamers on Clyde's fair river of renown
None plying, for the day is set apart
To kirk and service, dear to Scottish heart,
And soon to prayers the city will be gone.

The iron Babel sleepeth like a child—
The river sleepeth in pure sympathy;
To-morrow, like a tempest, suddenly,
All will commence with whirl and tumult wild;
With one day's rest huge Glasgow, reconciled,
Will wake to labour and to industry.

Music of Nature.

There is sweet music in the spheres above,
Discoursed to listening cherubim on high,
Far, far beyond the 'blue etherial sky,'
The dwelling-place of joy and heavenly love.
There is suave music still on fallen earth,
The talking brook, the gently moaning sea,
The rustling oak full of rude harmony,
Embraced by Æolus a-roaming forth.
The songsters of the grove at morning's birth
Pour out a roundelay to Phœbus bright;
The bass note of the crake each summer night
I love, though others deem it little worth;
The cawing of the rooks upon mine ear
Is music, with the cuckoo's gamut clear.

To Luna.

Silent and pale, O Moon! upon thy way
Thou holdest in the spacious concave high,
So sad and sorrowful thy placid ray,
No beau to-night methinks hath yet been nigh—
Where is Endymion? is he round the sky
In quest of other mistress, silent Moon?
Seek him as once when he was doom'd to lie
On Latmas for his freaks in marble swoon;
There thou did'st kiss him at the nightly noon,
Descending from thy sphere to woo the boy—
Nay, do not hide thy face so seeming coy,
Perhaps his years required of thee this boon,
Perhaps both time and place were opportune,
Mild orb! to teach him how to kiss and toy.

CONTINUED.

Say, hath some vagrant planet, far remote,
Drawn young Endymion from thy soft embrace!
Or giddy star that, with his beauty smote,
Lures him to wanton with her high in space;
Shame, thus to quit thee in so lone a case!
I pity thee, poor Moon of pensive beam;
But come, cheer up and mend thy tardy pace,
Nor let of such importance trifles seem.
Planet or pretty star, howe'er supreme,
The rover cannot long in thrall detain;
Each fain would fix him in her silken chain,
But still he much prefers his Luna queen,—
Nay, do not doubt it, lovely orb serene,
I know the youth will come and kiss again.

The Loveliest Flower.

The rose, the lily, snowdrop, violet,
Heartsease, most favour'd of each lady fair,
Anemone and bee-sought mignionette,
Carnation, pink, and hyacinthus rare,
Narcissus, drooping with self-will'd despair,—
All these in common with each gentle bard
To sing enraptured how can I forbear?
But chiefly *one* has my sincere regard.
Field flowers I honour, many eyed and starr'd,
Alike with those in garden and parterre,
The primrose, jessamine in field and bower,
The honeysuckle fragrant from afar;
But say, when hungry, who can these devour?
Therefore I do love most—a *cauliflower*.

May.

Now Gemini receives the day-god bland,
And Terra through the circle spins her round;
In mead and grove cup-flowers and bells are found,
Exhaling fragrance through the joyous land.
O thankless heart! Heaven's bounty understand,
And laud His love unmeasured, unconfined,
For lo! each chorister at His command
High pæan warbles on the vocal wind.
Fruit-bearing trees pout forth their budding hues,
Red, mottled, white, in vast variety—
The sense is sated to satiety—
Whilst hallow'd thoughts in grateful hearts diffuse
High thanks arising from God's fullness nigh,
Whose providence the land with good renews.

Night Musings.

Sweetly upon mine ear the dying tone
Of evening airs will fall, and hymnings high
Of thrush and blackbird in the copses nigh,
Ere yet the owl begins her nightly moan.
Thrill'd with a mournful extacy, my soul
Absorbs the nightingale's heart-stricken woe,
Sweet bird! that perch'd on jasmine or on sloe,
Pours to the grove her song of saddest dole;
Night loiters at her wail whilst, overhead,
The moon peeps from her shadowy throne afar,
And studious silence, on her downy ear
Alights, by train of listening spirits led.
O! there is rapture in thus musing here,
With scenes and sounds like these for eye and ear.

To a Cowslip.

O, cowslip pale! that droop'st full maidenly
Thy lowly head, as conscious of neglect,
(Semblant of modest worth in meekness deck'd).
In pasture seen where skims the light-wing'd bee
Laden with sweets, from every flower select,
The rose, the honeysuckle white and red—
Pale cowslip! flower of my sincere respect,
Thou mind'st me of the days for ever fled;
Discoursing of Janetta's brow-arch'd eye,
Of bygone love, of beauty all her own,
But chief of modesty, whence brighter shone
That maiden grace imparting each fair dye;—
How often hast thou witness'd tear and sigh
Of ours, in blissful saunterings long and lone!

To Miss ——.

Ah ! little reck'st thou for the silent smart,
The throbbing pang, the tearful brooding eye,
Each keen desire, each soul-consuming sigh
Rending in agony this bleeding heart—
Embittering life ! still daring not to die
Lest the dear vision from my soul should part,
(Daydream of wretchedness)—so late that I
Was thine, and nothing could our love divert.
Say, was it meet thus far to fix the dart,
And then withdraw thine hand ? let justice try,
Or charity, her standard here, whose chart
Thou, cruel ! hast not scann'd with even eye.
Say, where that pity—let the act reply—
So apt in woman to assuage each smart ?

The Itinerant Doctor.

In suit of shabby black he went his rounds,
In oilskin cover nostrums sage and strong
For curing all diseases, warts and wounds,
Coughs, asthmas, colds, of recent date or long,
His skill and pills infallible. He knew
The art of letting blood and drawing teeth ;
Had travell'd Europe's wide dominions through,
Knew every healing herb the sun beneath ;
Discover'd some he offered now for sale,
Inestimable in worth and quality—
His name was Charles John Mountfitzwynne, M.D.,
Whose recipes were never known to fail.
The world could testify his worth and skill
In draught or bolus, blister, puke, or pill.

The Tinker.

'Kettles to mend!' he cried, and forwards trudg'd
With workshop on his shoulders, pans in hand,
And limbs of parasols, that music bland,
Together as the hardware clanged and budged,
Did all the while create. And then again
'Bellows to mend!' he cried, as urchins ran
To view at distance meet this noisy man,
Or imitate him in his shrilly strain.
Solder his box contain'd, with sundry tacks
Of brass and iron; pincers one strong pair,
And hammer one.—The tinker nothing lacks,
An honest soul as most are well aware;
Give him a job away his trust upon—
'Kettles to mend!' he cries, and trudges on.

Waiting of the Train.

Constrain'd to wait an hour before the train
Arrives, I ponder what on earth to do;
A country station, scarce a house in view,
A cliff at distance, beetling o'er the plain,
The atmosphere surcharged with coming rain,
No paper to be had, no mild cigar,
The nearest inn a journey long and far—
I pass the hour in lassitude and pain.

The lazy crows, aloft on heavy wing,
I note disconsolate.—The station pig
I watch, a creature marvellously big,
Contemplating upon his snout the ring;
Then count the bristles on his porcine mane,
Then sketch this sonnet, Waiting of the Train.

The Ocean Storm.

Wave after wave they come, at first in size
No bigger than a ripple. Ocean sleeps
Till winds uncradled from the north arise;
First comes the timid breeze that gently creeps
In sighings to the shore. Anon the wail
Of waves is heard, as to the ocean's bound
These hasten onwards, till the wrathful gale
Is grown a hurricane the deeps around.
Now rage the furies on the wide profound,
While wind and wave together harsh engage,
Billows on billows rush with vengeful rage,
And rocks and caves reverberate the sound;
Loud clamour reigneth, fiends with furies close,
And ocean hisseth—yells—surcharg'd with woes.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN CONNECTION WITH CUMBERLAND.

The Brayton Festival.

1852.

Now close your shops this gala day,
Young men and maidens all;
Each married pair yourselves prepare,
And hey for Brayton Hall!

The sun shone bright that noted morn;
From Maryport the line
Was crowded all with great and small,
In silks and broad cloth fine.

Thrice fifty carriages convey'd
The multitudes to tea;
From Whitehaven alone, 'tis said,
Came hundreds three times three.

From Workington, from Cockermouth,
From Harrington they drive;
From farthest east and farthest south
The road seem'd all alive.

They came like herrings with the tide
In Solway's rapid sea,
From thwaite and hamlet, each fell-side,
Teetotallers for their tea.

Now good Sir Wilfred, him God save,
And save the household all,
Both kith and kin, the fair and brave
In Brayton's lordly hall;

Sir Wilfred had by order made
Park, lawn, and gardens free,
Well pleased no doubt for this turn-out
His fine estate to see.

At manly games across the field
The youth delighted play'd,
All to improve their appetite
Before that tea was made.

Long tables there in order stood
Upon the spacious green,
With delf and china, sound and good,
Most gorgeous to be seen.

But far more rare the ladies there,
Presiding o'er the tea;
You had pronounc'd them, fresh and fair,
Worth sixpence each to see.

Then came the guests the tea to make,
In coppers large and round—
Committee men, some nine or ten
Respectables profound.

But it were proper in this case
A few to notice,—first
Upon the list we beg to place
The woodman, Joey Hurst.

John Brown likewise, a man of wood,
With Lane the teacher true;
Tom Boyd so neat, so clean and sweet,
And Alphy Hine all knew.

Joseph, who oatmeal sells and eggs,
Was there, a useful man,
With printer White, a temperance light,
Of aspect mild and wan.

With others, not to note worth while,
Good men and true no doubt;
But all to name would be to blame—
Yourselves can trace them out.

Well, tea commenced in fervent style,
The day was hot and sunny,
And each had travell'd many a mile,
Expecting for his money,

At very least, a plenteous feast
Of butter'd cakes and tea;
Alas!—for I decline to lie—
Bread soon you could not see!

A dearth began itself to show
As soon as cup the first
Was finish'd, and the empty row
Stood mocking all your thirst.

Loud clamour now is raging round,
For hunger a sharp thorn is,
And, even on Sir Wilfred's ground,
Not easy to be borne is.

Tea! tea! more tea! in vain they cry—
Bread! give us bread this minute!
Here, waiter, quick! our plates supply—
My cup has nothing in it.

And then, amid contention's heat,
And struggling for supplies,
(Alas, that I should facts repeat!)
They black'd each other's eyes.

'Twas much too bad.—The truth to tell,
This managing committee
Had tea'd an hour before themselves,
And lack'd for other's pity.

Methinks I see each face contort
With frenzy and despair ;
A Californian scene, in short,
Was witness'd then and there.

Or, rather, was resumed again,
The Hole-scene of Calcutta ;
They fainted there for lack of air,
But here for bread and butter.

By heat and hunger sore oppress'd,
Well nigh were famish'd some ;
O, for a pint of Sewell's best,
Fell thirst be overcome!

The pump itself refused supplies,
In league against all mirth—
The water would not—could not rise
From out the cooling earth.

Then to the fish-pond crowds repair,
Its water late so fine ;
But no abstainer this would touch,
It smelt of ale and wine.

In righteous wrath, Sir Wilfred good
His stock had emptied here,
Of ale in casks, wine, brandy-flasks,—
The fish-pond frothed like beer!

Then had you seen each stalwart youth,
For lack of cake and tea,
With tongue like cur-hound's lolling out—
O, what a sight to see!

When tidings to the Hall there went
Of our unmatch'd distress,
A pound of butter out was sent:
Sir Wilfred heaven will bless;

A pound of butter, fresh and sweet,
Five biscuits and some cream,
All on a butler's tray so neat,
With napkin white and clean.

But this, alas! provoked full more
The rancour and the strife;
They battled for the biscuits sore,
As if for very life.

While tender women fainted there
With hunger and dismay;
Was ever heard of such affair—
Ochone! and well-a-day.

At length the train appears in sight,
To ease us of our pain;
But O, the rush at fall of night,
Our homesteads to regain!

Still numbers in the Brayton woods—
I pity them, poor souls—
Remain'd all night in woeful plight,
Among the bats and moles.

Oh, famine, how severe thy curse,
How fell thy cravings all,
At Skibbereen, wherever seen,
In hamlet, hut, or hall!—

May never more the like be known
On Brayton's fair domain;
Or may not I be there to die
Of hunger's pangs again!

Bless all the country, side and end,
The poor—the yeoman free;
But never more let me attend
A high teetotal tea.

Sonnet.—Crummock Lake.

One solitary swallow skims the lake—
The dark deep lake of thoughtful solitude,
Where not the hand of labour dares intrude;
The everlasting hills around me shake
The lagging clouds above, whose vapours break
Upon their summits rolling midway down.
How poor each pageant of the crowded town!
How true to nature all of nature's make!
A thousand years ago, this placid scene
To Saxon thane and serf broke on the view;
They saw these jagged steeps, this lake of blue,
The rapid swallow dart like arrow keen,
And imaged spirits in each nightly dream,
Careering madly on the mountain's brow.

Song.—The Backbrow Pump.

AIR.—'The Ivy Green.'

A time-honoured trump was the Backbrow pump
In the bight of the wall that stood,
Where damsels all weather would group together
In turn for the water good;
Then gossip and laughter the time beguil'd,
As each would her story tell,
Amid thump on thump from the old town pump,
As the bucket dropp'd into the well.
Creaking, clattering, thump on thump,
By day and by night went the old town-pump.

He flaunted in tune as the maiden trill'd—
O! a merry song had she;
And daily the milkman's pail he fill'd—
O! an arrant rogue was he.
The rain might fall, each shower a cascade,
It suited his fancy's whim;
Not the fiercest heat hot suns e'er made
Could trouble or reach to him.
Creaking, clattering, thump on thump,
The pet of each class was the old town-pump.

Not only the girls of the market square,
And of Oakum Bay each *belle*,
But jolly young mariners all drew there,
With Pat and his keg at the well.
There love at a glance was felt full oft,
As the joke and yarn went round;
And promises oft to the sailor aloft
Was his guide-star, homeward bound.
Creaking, clattering, thump on thump,
What love and delight at the old town-pump.

The acorn might flourish, its oak might fade,
Whole centuries intervene,
And lords of the manor be lowly laid—
All changes the pump had seen.
The old oak stock was there like a rock,
Whatever might else befal,
Right firmly he stood for his country's good,
A patriot stately and tall.
Creaking, clattering, thump on thump,
Our fathers of old drank their fill at the pump.

* * * * *

The drama is ended! its day gone by,
No group at the spot is seen;
O! sad is the place to the tearful eye,
Where the pump in its pride had been.

Now Betty and Molly, with Alice and Jane,
Are wretched in sheer despair;
No jolly young watermen ever again
Will they meet, with soft blarney, there.
Creaking, clattering, thump on thump,
Ochone! for the loss of the old town pump;
Now only is seen in the corner a stump,
The ghost of the time-honour'd Backbrow pump.

A Trip to the Silloth Dock Opening.

I sing the trip to Silloth; aid me powers!
To limn the miseries of that gala day—
Day evermore to be in memory shrined,
Whether at early dawn or sombre even,
At midnight or high prime.

The morn arose,
And with it rose in holiday array
The pleasure-seekers Silloth-bound, all bent
On lauding to the empyrean height,
The dock, the sandhills, and the thistles all.
Crowds to the goal essay'd—by ocean some,
And some by rail; many in vehicle
Bi-wheel'd and quadri-wheel'd on every way.
Others, astride on swiftly prancing steeds,
With many, the pedaneous, wended forth—
(Pedaneous, *Anglicè*, on Shank-his-naig!)
Embark'd we in the 'Wasp,' a steamer good,
Order'd and own'd by Hetherington the kind.

Arrived off Silloth, lo, no ingress there!
The regulations, most irregular,

Forbade all craft to enter at their peril
Till order'd by the high authorities.
So three long hours on Solway's turbid sea,
Amid the pelting rain and howling wind,
We learnt the useful art of circle-sailing.
O, crinoline, thy hoops how useless there!
The garments to the cuticle fast cling,
The eye how fishlike, late a beaming star,
Sallow the cheek so recent like the rose;
Each lady passenger her plight bemoan'd,
And blamed the fate that urged her from her home.

At length the mayor and mace, and great Sir James,
All from Carlisle the 'merrie,' onwards press'd,
(The 'burghers' in the rear you may be sure),
And formally the 'Marshall Dock' announc'd
As open to the traffic of all Europe,
All Asia, Africa, America,
And Australasia at the antipodes.
Then did the scarlet band make bold attempt
At music with 'Britannia rules the waves'—
Vast impotence! the elemental war
Forbade the bands of fife and kettle-drum,
Furies the wind, and demons ruled the waves;
Nor gods, nor men, nor elements wax'd kind—
A day of all red-letter'd days least red,
'From Cumbrian almanacks the same be cross'd.'
One solitary cannon next gave mouth,
The storm made mockery of the grand salute,
Converting it into a brazen sneeze,
Mid cachinnation super-boisterous.

This done, you saw the 'grand procession' walk,
Or rather run the gauntlet, through the rain,
Towards the 'grand hotel.' Around, above,
Below in coal-cellars, in ashpits, closets,

Shelter'd the living mass on pleasure bent.
His Worship with Sir James the Graeme took wine,
And hobnobb'd each to other, lacking care,
Whilst many sigh'd for water, vainly sigh'd,
Each tongue beneath the nether lip protrusive,
Wishing themselves at home, but vainly wishing.
Pop effervescent, ale irriguous,
Double X.X. of Dublin none was near;
Infusion of the Chinese plant was none,
Bawl as you might with stentorian voice,
Amid the mass cuneiform and square.
Allsopp, pale Allsopp, disappear'd forthwith,
Leaving a vantage-ground to old Jamaica
At half a bob the glass.—O, it was foul—
O, it was shameful of the Sillothites!
They saw us strangers and they took us in.

'Tis well the undertaking rests intact,
For what effects its prospects, its position?
Not rain in torrents, not Jove's potent thunder.
I see in the bright future vast imports
Of tallow, hides, and hemp, of resin, tar,
Of cotton, wool, tea, coffee, barley-sugar,—
Comforts and necessaries of existence,
Crowding the quays and warehouses (to be)
Of Silloth the renown'd, by Solway's side.
Hither will vessels hie from every nation,
'France, England, Holland, Germany, and Spain;'
From Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway,
Van Dieman's Isle, and all the isles of Fijian;
And then the golden gains that will ensue,
The revenue of charges from the port,
All to indemnify the shareholders,
M——l, J——n I——n, D——n, at their head!
No common mind a scheme like this could grasp—
Genius of heaven is the acknowledged boon.

The tent where dined the favour'd of the land,
Filter'd the rain and sand on every pate;
Each guest his silk umbrella held aloft,
And woe-begone ate silently and slow,
A sight to move the scoffer's harden'd heart.
Each sat 'like patience on a monument,'
Taking a bath, reflective and deject.
That afternoon lagg'd drearily along,
The deluge rain without, a sump within.

All night the labouring engines you might hear,
Like armies rushing onwards to the charge,
Ungentle, unpoetical, unblest,
'Making night hideous.' Ever and anon,
These rush'd the weary traveller to Carlisle,
And the adjacent villages by rail,
Laying each hedge fence under contribution
For fuel by the way. Oh! never more
Let me and mine attend dock openings,
To look upon a Carlisle mayor again,
Or county magnate M.P.'s, banker Head,
Sir James the Graeme, John Irwin, Ferguson,
Great though they be, and worthy high renown.

We in the 'Wasp' return'd, with numbers more,
At three o'clock a.m. the following day,
Wiser and sadder men from Silloth all—
Impuissant, disintegrate, sedate,
Perturb'd, disorganised, irresolute,
In bitterness of heart and dudgeon sore.

Puff for a Maryport Outfitter.

'List, list, oh, list

Who is it fits me in a trice,
With garments all so new and nice,
Of latest cut and lowest price?
H. Kenyon.

His eye your measure's safe to hit,
Whate'er he makes is perfect fit,—
How smart clothes look, how well they sit—
From Kenyon's.

When torrent rains pour from the sky,
Good overcoats to keep me dry,
With stout sou-westers, there I buy,
At Kenyon's.

He can supply your every whim
In dress. The corpulent and slim
Alike will find a friend in him,
H. Kenyon.

With seamen, fishermen, and all
Who on the ocean have a call,
We recommend them great and small,
To Kenyon.

Or those in docks who excavate,
With goods he can accommodate—
Strong, easy, waterproof, first-rate,
At Kenyon's.

In charge he knows that profits light
Turn'd quickly over, mite by mite,
Doth in the sequel make 'All right,'
For Kenyon.

This is the secret in his line
Of doing trade—his interest mine;
In Senhouse Street you read his sign—
H. Kenyon.

Prologue to the 'Area Belle,'

PERFORMED BY AMATEURS IN THE ATHENÆUM, MARYPORT.

Good evening to you,—how d'ye do?
A second time we bow to you
Low as the ground, this Christmas time,
And introduce ourselves in rhyme.
There's little need to be explicit,—
Our piece, I'm sure, you'll never hiss it;
We'll do our best,—not mighty Kean
Could promise more, nor king nor queen
That ever trod the tragic stage,
To charm or to correct the age.
Tragic? Sure this were out of place,—
To-night none have a tragic face;
We come to court the *comic* muse,
Broad grins and laughter to diffuse
All round the room, and prove to you
What youthful Maryport can do.
Our subject is the 'Area Belle,'
Brimful of love,—cold meat as well;
We give the manners as they rate
In London town beneath the grate.
'Tis requisite to learn the arts,
Which gain us suppers and true hearts:
'To hold the mirror up to nature,'
Altho' in fun and friendly satire.
The 'Area Belle,' you know full well,
Can much of truth in fiction tell:—
D'ye think there's nothing but the water
Works and the dock to be look'd *arter*?
We'll swamp the dock-scheme for the nonce,
And snuff out Mr. Page at once.

Perhaps a Kemble or Macready
May be among us, smart but seedy,
Whom Shakespeare's self, sublime old Will,
Might recognize for tact and skill.

But truce to praise.—To-night we try
To wipe the tear drop from each eye;
To-night by your attendance too,
You have the selfsame end in view.
Age and infirmity will feel
That you can soothe, and cheer, and heal;
Can, when the window pane's emboss'd,
Diffuse a warmth, and scare Jack Frost;
King Coal's a noble-hearted soul,
And all the agents of King Coal;
Nor hear in place must be forgotten
The Lords De Woollen, and De Cotton:
Great names, who to the poor of towns
Distribute blankets, rugs, and gowns,
To Jacks and Jills, to Jones and Browns.
But to be brief:—I know they wait,
Or I might here a tale relate,
Of how the piece has been rehears'd,
The planwork cast—then all revers'd;
Accenting lexicographies
Borrow'd—not one of which would please;
Dresses from Paris sent—return'd—
Advice and counsel taken—spurn'd;
Perplex'd—despairing what to do—
And all to be approved by you.

(The stage-bell rings vigorously.)

Yes, yes, you wince at what we say—
The 'Area Belle' must have her way—
You're waiting? well, 'play out the play',
I'll end my tale another day.

On the Decease of a Lady in Childbirth.

There came a stranger from a distant shire,
And settled by the townlet's sea-kiss'd shore,
Of manners mild and winning, soon he gain'd
The native hearts, hearts uncorrupt by guile;
And each degree, the gentle and the poor,
Gave ready acquiescence to his worth.

There dwelt a maiden distant whom he loved,
The sole, fair daughter of a gallant sire,
Who loved the youth in turn. Circled few moons
Till they were moulded in connubial bliss.
Then would he lead her forth by ocean's strand,
Where flaunting vessels rode the crested tide;
At evening time they listen'd to the bass
Of Neptune's music; and the golden sun
Admiring witness'd, as he dipt his disc
Into the briny waters, far beyond.

Perhaps, where erst the Roman eagles waved,
They saunter'd oft, conjuring up the manes
Of Adrian's warriors in their wrath and pride,
Who from the watch-mound gazed, if painted horde
Might land perchance in skiff or corracle,
To harass and despoil the peaceful vale;
Then bless'd their kindly star that days like those—
Days unpropitious to young love and bliss—
Had gone and pass'd for aye! O, happy pair—
If unity of thought, of soul, of heart,
Could form pure happiness, unmix'd, unmarr'd!
Each was to each a world, as each from each
Drew being and new joy from day to day.

Months came and pass'd apace; the bridal dress
Was doff'd, and busy hands the needle plied

For other purpose than a ball room robe—
A robe befitting tiny guest to come.
Months came and pass'd—a twelvemonth, and the lady
Hath gather'd nurse and female friends around,
Her mother nearest in her time of need.
Whilst expectation high on tiptoe stood,
Hope, not unmix'd with fear, each bosom swell'd—
A rainbow in the sunshine and the storm.

Rejoice! for now a child is born—a son!
(Oh, joy and grief in equal measure both—
Joy in advance and sorrow close behind!)
Not far apart, another son is born,
A dual birth, but *her* sweet pallid face
Is rack'd convulsive, and her vacant eye
Nor mother notes, nor babes, nor husband near.
Nature exhausted sank all motionless;
At times our Lord's good prayer she made attempt
To utter, and the holy syllables
You heard distinct, as from the pleading heart—
Again you listen'd—they had died away.

Then was the Throne of Grace besieged for her,
And angels issued laden with the prayers
Of all around, to God's most holy seat—
Themselves for her improvident of prayer.—
In vain! the Holy One from pain released
The sufferer, of all future ill secure,
And call'd her to Himself. She was a loan
From heaven to grace the orb of earth awhile,
Then died to join her home and father, God.

Few days her babes survived; the parent stem
Was sever'd, and the tendrils found no spot
On which to thrive apart from that fair tree.
Our grave, until the Resurrection morn,
One avid grave holds all our hopes and fears.

And as the village maidens, day by day,
Pass through the old churchyard, a look is cast
On that insatiate grave; whilst many a tear
Is shed from lids that never wept before.

But why lament a soul released? Why quaff
The bitter woe, and heave the heavy sigh?
Why strew their graves with snowdrops newly born,
With the dark yew and sombre rosemary,
And needless mourn for those so happy now?
Dry up your tears, ye friends who lov'd her well,
Her eyes no tears bedim; no sigh escapes
Her blissful spirit in yon azure realm,
Where all is peace, and innocence, and joy.
We wander darkling in this world of grief—
She dwells where tears are wiped from every eye.

Reform Meeting held at Maryport,

MARCH 14TH., 1859.

Do you wish to learn the import
Of the meeting held on Monday,
In the hall of the Oddfellows,
At the town of Maryport? Then
Come and list awhile unto me;
I will write it, I will tell it,
If you wish to learn the import.

It was all about the question
Of reform in England's Commons—
In the Commons' House, Saint Stephen's,
Where spiff Benjamin Disraeli
Spins fine speeches by the hour's length,
In the service of the people,
In the Commons' House, Saint Stephen's.
There you mark the ancient Cupid,

Palmerston, a wit as ancient,
[He held office half a century,
A sly reynard, ancient Cupid!]
There you note John Bright the Quaker's
Hat, with brim of flange most ample,
Bright whose Bill on Reformation
Of that Commons' House, Saint Stephen's,
Meets the view of candid reason,
Takes all hearts, except the Tories',
Fills the working man with gladness
For the happy bright hereafter.

Much was utter'd at that meeting:
Norman, he of Norman Terrace,
Fill'd the presidential chair well.
On the platform you beheld there
Him, hight Wilks, from merry Carlisle,
Who in speech of one hour's durance
Charmed all ears and eyes towards him—
Washington, from merry Carlisle.

Would you learn the other speakers'
Names, who mounted high the platform
To enlighten Cumbrian yeomen
On the subject of the Ballot,
On the secret vote by ballot,
On the suffrage, on the boroughs,
On the views of Lord John Russell
In respect of reformation?
I could tell you, but I will not—
Minnows all to one great Triton,
Triton Wilks, the Wilks aforesaid.

He it was informed the audience
Of the need of secret voting,
Of the need of spiflicating
Minor boroughs for the major;

Told us of renowned Disraeli,
Quacko-empyric Disraeli,
Soporific globule dealer
Of reform to all the Commons,
All the Commons of Saint Stephen's.

Did you hear the cheering follow
From the huge unrepresented,
In the hall of the Oddfellows?
All said Dizzy's bill was no bill,
Russell's, Pam.'s, would be no better,
Only Bright's was worth the having.
All and each one said he wanted
Parliaments of three years standing,
Manhood voting, secret voting,
Lesser boroughs disenfranchis'd,
Larger boroughs represented,
All said, 'Out upon Lord Derby!
'Bless John Bright and his Reform Bill!
'Down with Dizzy, mocking Dizzy!'

Thus the governmental measure
Each one said was but an insult,
Quite unworthy our acceptance,
And as such should be rejected.
That petitions this embracing
Should be handed Steel the member,
Steel the Cockermouthian member,
To present them in the Commons,
As descriptive of the meeting
In the hall of the Oddfellows,
Of the feeling in the meeting.

Thanks were voted to the Triton,
And the minnows all absquattled,
Vowing hatred of the measure
Introduced by mocking Dizzy.

Through that night a kindly vision
Of the better in the future,
Of the coming vote by ballot
Rested on each happy listener :
Speed the happy time and measure !
Speed the bill of Bright the Quaker !

Song.—Maryport Ironworks.

AIR.—'There's nae luck about the house.'

The varied turns of time and trade,
'Tis wondrous to behold !
What thought expended, efforts made
In quest of gain and gold.—
The ships we built are out of date,
And timber, once so good,
Has seen its best—at any rate
'Tis iron *versus* wood.
Then speed the ready, steady hand,
The art-creative mind ;
Success attend each aim and end,
To benefit our kind.

The iron age is here again.
At Maryport, we find,
The coal-black smoke and livid flame
Waft progress on the wind ;
We hear the roar, we note the blast,
And all delight to see
The good in store for rich and poor,
The gain for you and me.
Then speed, &c.

King Coal a sovereign good is he,—
'Twere waste of time to say
The offices his majesty
Discharges day by day;
And coke, an active agent here,
Hath honours not a few;
Whilst hematite, of potent weight,
Claims all precedence due.
Then speed, &c.

This king he boasts a stalwart son—
Great Steam, a prince of power,
Can plough and thrash, and forward run
Full fifty miles an hour;
Can force the granite from its bed,
A creature of unrest—
Can weave and spin, then forge a pin,
Of workmen skill'd the best.
Then speed, &c.

We laud the fire, we laud the smoke,
With chimneys slim and high,
These lead to gain and gain to fame,
Now iron is the cry;
Let trade increase, it brings us peace,
All former discord gone;
The iron reign let none disdain—
King Iron, flourish on!
Then speed, &c.

Thrice welcome trade and commerce here
By Solway's classic shore;
For Blair and Gilmore raise the cheer—
For Armstrong one cheer more!
The arts of trade now bear the sway,
And rivalry provoke;
Long mingle in the friendly fray
The powers of coal and coke.
Then speed, &c.

Tennyson Travestied.

CHARGE OF THE MARYPORT (GAS) LIGHT BRIGADE.

Six hundred and odd there be
(Under seven hundred)
Shares in gas property,
Slightly encumber'd:
Eighteen trustees you see,
Each section number'd;
Trustees and shareholders,
How have they blunder'd!

Discord to right of them,
Discord to left of them,
Discord in front of them,
Bellow'd and thunder'd;
Malice brought up the rear,
Malice that, lacking fear,
Made the wrong right appear—
Men stared and wonder'd.

Wrathful that gas brigade—
O, what a cry they made,
All the six hundred!
Taxing the town trustees
With their delinquencies,
Styling them *not the cheese*—
Botchers that blunder'd.

Raved the directors wild,
Raved the shareholders, riled,
Callous, the trustees, biled,
Stubborn, unsunder'd;—
Deaf to the gas brigade,
Deaf to the howl they made,
Deaf to all claims they laid—
Earth and sky wonder'd!

'Give sixteen pounds,' they cry,
'*Bosh !*' the trustees reply;
'Give us twelve, we'll comply'—
'*Fudge !*' the trust thunder'd.

When will the scandal cease?
When will return our peace,
All unencumber'd?
Cats of Kilkenny, be
Witnesses, all of ye,
What a *cat*astrophe
Ours, and how blunder'd!
Awfully obstinate
Trust and six hundred!

O! what a row is made,
Trust *versus* Gas Brigade—
Ratepayers stand afraid,
Humbugg'd and plunder'd;
To the new Parliament
Will a nice bill be sent,
All for the malcontent
Plucky six hundred—
Hurrah for the law,
The nice bill, and six hundred!

In Memoriam.

He grew among us, where the Solway's tide
Sighed to the sandy shore, and oft he laved
His boyish limbs in Ellen's cooling stream,
Beloved of all his playmates, all the school.
Then youth advanced, and he must needs prepare
For conflict with the world—the common lot
Of all who would beyond the crowd aspire.
His country call'd, and to the war he's gone,

Where treacherous Sepoy dared Britain's power,
And there he bore the British ensign high.
Ten years of service over, once again
To England he made sail, not unimpaired
By Indian suns and Indian bivouacking,
Where fever and miasma held full sway.
He came, and to his native town repair'd,
The gallant youth,—his father, mother there,
And sisters whom he loved, and longed to see.
Each former playmate welcomed him—his wont
To tell strange stories to the listening ear,
Of what in distant lands himself had seen.
Nor was the widow in her cellar miss'd,
Whom he remember'd in his school-boy day;
The poor and needy own'd his helping hand,
And welcom'd, one and all, his home-return.

Joy hath its altitude, and sorrow next
Steals on apace. O, bony skeleton,
With scythe in hand, hadst thou no other aim
Than one so young, so well-beloved and brave?
Were there no old pain-stricken in the land,
Writhing in agony on pallet low,
To whom thy summons had been kind relief?
Here the good mother suffer'd in her son,
And father, brothers, gentle sisters, all
Received in part the missive sent for him—
Oh, grief, oh, sorrow, woe beyond degree!

He died where Dover's cliffs arrest the wave:
They bore him home a corpse, at midnight hour,
The moon full orbed, a beauteous summer moon;
No breath of air disturb'd the tranquil scene,
And mournful sorrowing townsmen followed slow,
In mute procession through the silent streets.
O, 'twas a melancholy peaceful scene—
A beauty temper'd with a poignant woe.

They laid him where the hamlet church uprears
Its modest head, not far from Solway's side,
The wave his requiem, with the robin's plaint
Upon the hedgerow by the soldier's tomb.
He sleeps where song-birds in each bush and brake,
At morn and eve, will chant a dirge for him,
The brave, the generous, and the well-beloved.
There let him rest! until the trumpet's call
Shall summon him unto the grand review—
The soldier stripling, safe from war's alarms.

Prologue to the 'Spectre Bridegroom,'

PERFORMED BY AMATEURS IN THE ATHENÆUM, MARYPORT.

When first in Greece the drama took its start,
Where do you think the actors played their part?
Why, on a waggon to be sure—just where
Was held a market, or a country fair,
The stage, a locomotive in that day—
It's an old institution is the play;
In classic Greece the drama rose this way,
And long continued thus, its records say.
We've made improvements on the Grecian plan—
'The proper study of mankind is man;'
Our modern stage a lesson holds to view,
Mirth with instruction blent, the drama through;
To-night we offer you our choicest store,
Choice for our means,—old Thespis did no more.
If you but smile, our rapture is complete,
Of critics, then, we'll brave a host or fleet:
Your presence here will bless the needy poor,
And keep chill penury outside the door;
To-night you have this end alone in view—
How happy each appears, I'm sure it's true;

Each face seems almost speaking in this sort—
'We'll give a chance to youthful Maryport,
'Now that each old antipathy is laid,
'And our trustees are making less parade;
'We'll see what they can compass, without fuss,
'These nice young men, for they are part of us—
'Our own young towns-folk, generous as sincere,
''Tis charity has also brought them here.'

Well now—we are so glad to see you all!
We did expect Lord Derby at the ball,
With Disraeli, but both are overhead
With a Reform Bill, so at least they said
In their reply to our late invitation.
We must submit—men in official station,
Who regulate the state affairs and nation,
Theirs is a busy, onerous occupation.
But if we lack an Earl and Chancellor,
We have an audience prized and loved the more,
Brave men and lovely women of the place,
Joy in each heart, good humour in each face;
The Cumbrian girls are own'd, on every hand,
To be the sweetest creatures in the land;
Perhaps the lovely dales and lakes impart
A gentle influence to the female heart;
No 'Spectre Bridegroom' would be their free choice
If in selecting husbands they'd a voice,
But men of stamina, of head, and heart,
For women such as ours the true desert.
No 'Mister Nicodemus' of the play,
No vampire gentlemen for them, I say.

But now the farce had better be proceeding,
You'll like the acting better than the reading.
Stay! have we any Fenians here to-night,
To mar our pastime, put us in affright?

If so, let these be caution'd—understand
We have our local Volunteers at hand;
Head-Centre Stephens, with his rabble rout,
Our gallant Wood will soon turn face about.
At Maryport, we're loyal subjects all,
Upholders of the crown, whate'er befal:
Besides, we've Carruthers to call in aid,
At each emergence ready—not afraid
Of Fenian, or of felon, rogue, or knave,
Few men in all the civil force so brave.—
So now my Fenians, if to-night you riot,
This caution take—you'll soon be *cold* and *quiet*.

Adieu, my friends! the 'Spectre Bridegroom' waits:
Come to their aid, ye gods and kindly fates.

Byron's 'Hymn' a Leetle Altered and Localised.

ON THE MARYPORT DOCK EXTENSION AND WATERWORKS BILL, NOW BEFORE PARLIAMENT, FEBRUARY, 1866.

The Solway sea! the Solway sea!
At Maryport, the mart for coals,
Where vessels lie right cosily,
Nor heed the storms nor dread the shoals;
Trade still is on your shore as yet—
The trade in diamonds black as jet.

There's Brayton, Crosby, Flimby, all,
Saint Helens, Seaton Moor, Gilcreux,
In quality, both screen'd and small,
A.1. at market for the house,
For steam or gas, it matters not,
Coals for the Irish, Manx, and Scot.

Fast spirits look'd with envious eye
And thought, ' 'Tis right we have a share
' Of all the good things passing by—
' And if we lose what need we care ?
' We'll Page consult, and bring him down
' To plan a dock north of the town.'

Then Spartan look'd on Spartan strong,
And ' Greek met Greek' in wordy strife,
And there were meetings, late and long,
To praise the dock and Page for life ;
' We'll have a Bill to London sent,'
Said they, ' to the new Parliament.

' A Bill to promise mighty things—
' Extent of trade to foreign parts,
' Of Liverpool to clip the wings—
' 'Tis time we had our just deserts ;—
' High time that Maryport should stand
' A town the foremost of the land.'

'Tis something, hedged around by foes,
To stand erect at all their wiles,
Nor once with folly sheer to close,
Unheedful of their frowns or smiles ;
It well behoves plain truth to preach,
To knave and slave within our reach.

Huge Skiddaw reigns yon Alps upon,
Blencathra's mount is fair to see ;
And, listening to the Solway's moan,
I deem'd our trade might yet be free
If could be strangled this foul scheme,—
Delusion vague for man to dream !

Where is the hope of trade to come ?
We hold the Irish commerce yet—
A safer and a better one
Methinks 'twere difficult to get ;—
We have a fleet of coasters here
To take our goods to markets near.

To other ports why custom send—
  To Troon, Ardrossan, and to Wales?
Let prudence all your steps attend,
  Let caution hold aright the scales,
Or this same bill will be a pill
To work us grief, to work us ill.

Tax not the ship—tax not the coal—
  If you would still retain the trade;
Oppose the Bill with heart and soul,
  Correct the blunders you have made
Against your interests. Cease to close
Your eyes, and be your own worst foes.

Will Patrick, *darlint!* find his way
  To former friends at Maryport,
Where well he knows there's more to pay,
  On dues and coals? Nought of the sort!
Then what is left shipowners here,
Their calling gone? A sigh, a tear!

And waterworks you much *envie*—
  But mark, the increase of your rate;
Will thirty thousand pounds, well nigh,
  For these not teach you wisdom late?
'But wisdom,' no one e'er denied,
'Is of her children justified.'

You have the Backbrow fountain yet,
  The mill-race pump it stands alone;
Of all the blessings why forget
  The cheaper and the easier one?
Of thirst who ever suffer'd here?
Aver the month, aver the year!

You have the means of transit yet—
  The steamers and their station gone;
You have the 'diamonds' black as jet,

With ships and sailors many a one;
You have the dock-pond Senhouse *gave*—
Think you he meant it for a *shave*?

Fill high the air with song and rhyme,
We'll dance and sing in hall and bower;
Let Oakum Bay in chorus chime,
And spend in glee the happy hour,
What time the news arrives from town
That Page's dock scheme is *done brown!*

FEBRUARY 23RD.

Live, Hawkshaw, live! the battle's won,
And common sense asserts her due;
Long live the Referees each one,
With Counsel all, who brought us through,
Now that the telegram from town
Is come—and Page at zero's down.

The Crofton Pic-nic.

ARRANGED BY THE MARYPORT MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Showing from Cumbrian dales among,
How half the natives hied—
Men, women, children, old and young,
From scaur and mountain side;
For each gave truce to care that day,
Intent with joyous glee
To revel all at Crofton Hall,
The gladsome and the free.

I who the *Fast* of Brayton sang
(Ah me! with harp of doleful twang),
Now tune the strings afresh to tell
Of what at Crofton Hall befell,
Whose owner, Brisco, good Sir Wastell—
Long may he lord it in his castle—
Permission gave one summer day
To view his park and gardens gay,
To all and sundry in each station,
Disposed to take such recreation.

Surcharged with rain, the morning clouds
O'erhung the land like sombre shrouds ;
From Derwent lake to Solway main,
It much betoken'd storm and rain—
When lo ! before the hour of noon
The sun shot out, as meet for June,
And linnets from each lofty spray,
Proclaim'd at once a lovely day.

Great was the concourse on the rail,
Each train flew forward like the mail ;
Flags in the air waved proud and high,
Each station yielding fresh supply
Of passengers, all Crofton bound,
To test its beauties round and round ;
All eager in the hot pursuit
Of pleasure and of health, to boot,
The balmy country air to woo,
Wood, water, heath, and fern to view—
With scenes of art beyond the skill
Of pencil's power, or graphic quill.
Hope shone elate, and in each eye
Were love and pleasure blended high.

I like not those of visage sour,
Who would refuse the social hour
On *holy* days to those who labour
Each week for both themselves and neighbour.
'Tis meet the labouring man should view
The works of art and nature too,
In order that the same may be
More reconciled to his degree ;
We may not over tightly bend
The willow, least the branch we rend.

Arrived, they all alight full fain
On Crofton's lordly wide domain ;

To sounds of music on they wend
To where two stags the gates defend—
A spacious entrance! whence is seen
The Hall of bold mediæval mien,
A massive pile, beyond whose bound
The gardens rife of flowers are found,
With gems all-hued to please the sight,
Of golden tint, red, puce, and white,
Carnation, yellow—every dye
To please the most fastidious eye.

In greenhouse well arranged was there
Each valued plant, exotic rare,
Of southern climes and sunny skies;
These all around delight your eyes,
With fragrance proper for each god
Who on Olympus makes abode,
Or in Thessalia's vale appears
To pass in bliss the vernal years—
Jove, Mercury, Diana, Juno,
All classic names, and famous, *you* know.
Spices from Ceylon's isle were there,
And Araby, the rich and rare;
With shrubs of all the Cyclades—
Of Grecian isles the choice are these—
With every plant from fragrant Ind,
Whose varied sweets perfume the wind.
The tea-tree of the flowery land,
The coffee-plant had there a stand;
With all that Linnaeus well defines
Indigenous to tropic climes.

In fruithouse near you noticed plain,
The orange, boast of sunny Spain,
Full orb'd and ripe, of scent how sweet,
Of flavour fine, a luscious treat!

The lemon pendant on the tree,
A graceful fruit, you there might see;
The pomegranite, the luscious date,
And pine-apple the sense to sate;
Each luxury of bounteous heaven
To 'man, the microcosm,' given,
To mitigate his hard condition,
And solace him by such provision.

But let us thread our devious way
To where the lads and lasses gay
Are dancing in the riding-school,
And well they move by music's rule;
In mazy circles round they go,
Now up, now down, the lengthen'd row,
Now in, now out, then round and round,
With feet but rarely on the ground;
Whilst violin and bagpipe drone
Are scarce a minute left alone.
How many a cap was set to catch
At Crofton Hall that day its match!
How many a lover, loth to part,
Bequeath'd that day a constant heart!

Beyond the building, prone along,
On greensward lay the list'ning throng;
The bandmen here, with vocal trill,
Woke echo from each neighbouring hill,
As songs went round most fitly blent
With comic vein and sentiment.
They sang 'My cottage near a wood',
And then they gave 'Dame Durden' good,
Where Humphrey, with his thrashing flail,
Gave laughing chorus to the tale;
And well each bandman, young and smart,
Did justice to the vocal art.

Thus pass'd the gliding moments on,
In pleasure's round, with dance and song;
A week had been too little space
The beauty of each scene to trace.
The velvet lawn, the arching bower,
The verdant shade, the bursting flower,
The pendant woods, the silvery lake,
The deer in park, the birds in brake,
The distant mountains peering high,
With summits struggling through the sky—
These form a picture seen by all
Who sallied forth to Crofton Hall.

My subject now to terminate,—
All honour to the men who sate
Upon committee to prepare
The pleasure trip and guide it there.
And should Sir Wastell grant again
The use, next year, of his domain,
A greater concourse—this I know—
Are all resolved, *nem. con.*, to go.

END OF VOLUME I.

ERRATA.

PAGE 16—"*I wean*" should read "*I ween*."

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